

DISCORDEER

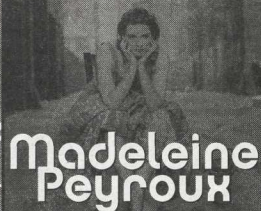
October 2004

- Robosex
- Film Fest
- Guerilla Pop
- Eshad ibn
- Last Panath
- EVA!
- Death



THAT NOT QUITE DEAD MAGAZINE
FROM CTR 101.9 FM

OCTOBER 13



Madeleine Peyroux

limited seating available

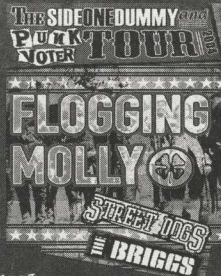
www.madeleinepeyroux.com

clear

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

OCTOBER 18

DOORS 8PM, SHOW 9PM



PULP NOTES

TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU AND SCRATCH

COMMODORE BALLROOM

FRIDAY OCTOBER 22

early show:
doors 7pm
show 7:30pm

twilight singers

featuring
greg dulli
of the afghan whigs

tickets also at zulu

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

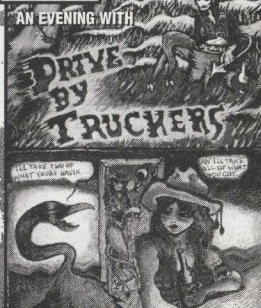
SATURDAY OCTOBER 23

AN EVENING WITH MARTIN SEXTON

TICKETS ALSO AT
ZULU AND HIGHLIFE

THE RED ROOM (FORMERLY THE DRINK)

OCTOBER 24



TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

OCTOBER 24

Billy Corgan An Evening of Poetry



With Special Guest
Yungchen Lhamo

GENERAL
ADMISSION
www.yungchenlhamo.com
www.billycorgan.com

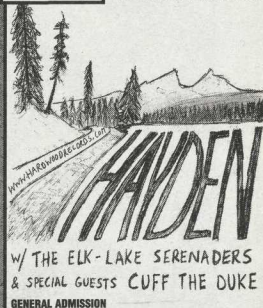
ARTS CLUB THEATRE



TICKETS ALSO AT SCRATCH

OCTOBER 26

DOORS 6:30PM / SHOW 7:30PM

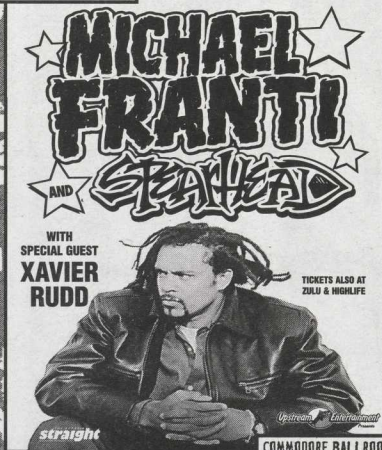


W/ THE ELK-LAKE SERENADERS
& SPECIAL GUESTS CUFF THE DUKE

GENERAL ADMISSION
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU

VOGUE THEATRE

OCTOBER 27 & 28



WITH
SPECIAL GUEST
XAVIER RUDD

TICKETS ALSO AT
ZULU & HIGHLIFE

straight

COMMODORE BALLROOM

OCTOBER 28

DOORS 8PM, SHOW 9:30PM



WITH SPECIAL GUESTS



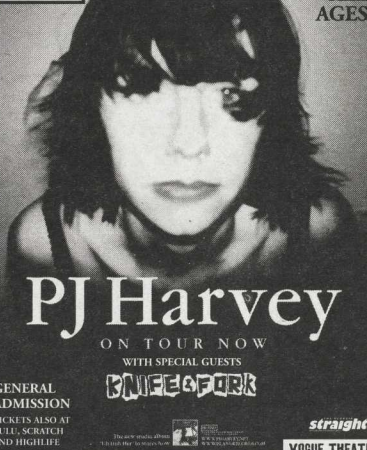
(DJ SET WITH LIVE VOCALS)

TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU AND ROOMTOWN

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

OCTOBER 30

ALL
AGES



ON TOUR NOW
WITH SPECIAL GUESTS

KNIFE & FORK

GENERAL ADMISSION
TICKETS ALSO AT
ZULU, SCRATCH
AND HIGHLIFE

straight

VOGUE THEATRE

2 for 1 tickets
every Tuesday for opening
hours of 10am-10pm
HOB.COM/2FORTU

PURCHASE TICKETS ONLINE AT hob.ca OR ticketmaster.ca ticketmaster 604-260-4444 / www.ticketmaster.ca



ALTER BRIDGE
Brian Marshall • Scott Phillips • Mark Tremonti • Myles Kennedy

Submersed 

NOVEMBER 1
COMMODORE BALLROOM

993 

NOVEMBER 2

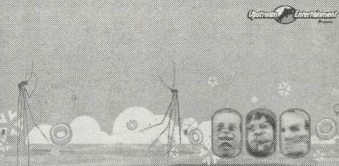
THE DELGADOS



WITH GUESTS **CROOKED FINGERS** AND **ON THIS TWO**

TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU AND SCRATCH

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS



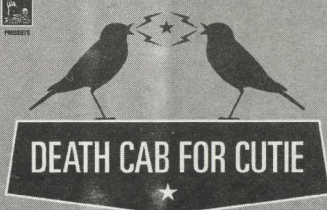
MEDESKI MARTIN+WOOD
END OF THE WORLD PARTY TOUR

ON SALE NOW

COMMODORE BALLROOM
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU & NISOURCE

VANCOUVER, BC **11.03.04**
Wednesday, November 3rd, 2004

FRIDAY NOVEMBER 12



DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE

DOORS 8PM
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU AND SCRATCH

WWW.DEATHCABFORCUTIE.COM

COMMODORE BALLROOM

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 13



BLONDE REDHEAD

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS

DOORS 7PM, EARLY SHOW 7:30PM

TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU AND SCRATCH

COMMODORE BALLROOM

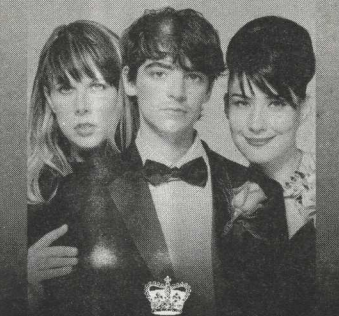
NOVEMBER 13



DIXIE DICKS

TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU AND SCRATCH

THE RED ROOM (FORMERLY THE DRINK)



LE TIGRE

with special guests
Lesbians on Ecstasy
Robosapien

NOVEMBER 23
COMMODORE BALLROOM

Doors 8pm, Show 9pm
www.letigreworld.com www.universalrecords.com

NOVEMBER 15

ADMINISTROY

PRESENTS
EVIL DOER TOUR

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
MY LIFE WITH THE THRILL KILL KULT !!!

HARZEL and CRYTEL

TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU, SCRATCH, AND SCRAPE

COMMODORE BALLROOM

NOVEMBER 18

BRUCE HORNSBY
AND HIS BAND
IN CONCERT

New CD "Halcyon Days" is Shown Here

GENERAL ADMISSION & RESERVED SEATING
TICKETS ALSO AT HIGHLIGHT RECORDS

www.brucehornsby.com

VOGUE THEATRE

NOVEMBER 25

NEKO CASE

WITH SPECIAL GUEST
DEXTER ROMWEBER

TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU



CD Available November 16th 

COMMODORE BALLROOM

DECEMBER 8

KEANE
HOPE AND FEARS

RESCHEDULED DATE:
TICKETS FROM THE SEPTEMBER 8TH RICHARDS ON RICHARDS SHOW WILL BE HONoured AT THE DOOR.

TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU AND SCRATCH



COMMODORE BALLROOM

THE FEATURES

The Features are a psychedelic rock outfit playing quirky and contagious pop that ranges from the energy of Weezer, the vocal passion of At The Drive In's Cedric Bixler and the stylings of Kings Of Leon's Caleb Followill.

\$12.99
CD



Exhibit A

DEATH FROM ABOVE 1979

"They sound like none else around at the moment, brutal enough to make your arse explode, fast enough to make your skull vibrate, yet as addictive as a vein full of liquefied blackcurrant Chewits. It feels great, trust us." -Kerrang

In Concert

with Billy Talent and Metric
Oct. 22 - The Commodore
Oct. 24 - Croatian Cultural Centre



You're A Woman, I'm A Machine



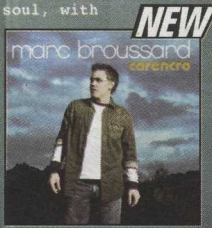
\$12.99
CD

MARC BROUSSARD

In Concert Oct. 28 - Media Club

Combining rock, pop and soul with some Cajun spice, MARC BROUSSARD releases his debut collection of blue-eyed soul, with influences ranging from Stevie Wonder to John Hiatt and Dave Matthews.

\$9.99
CD



Carenco

magneta lane



The Constant Lover

"Foxy femmes bash out primitive Strokesian noise that steals your heart while kicking your groin"
- Eye Weekly

\$6.99
CD

THE MARBLE INDEX



The Marble Index

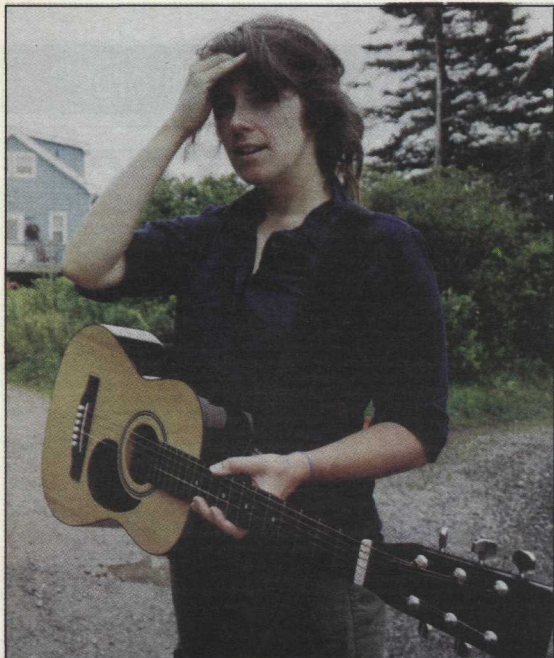
Competing easily with the Strokes and Franz Ferdinand, "The Marble Index's debut snarls, scissor-kicks and coos like some sort of bastard child of The Smiths, The Jam, The Police, The Who and several other 'the' bands." - CMJ

Watch for tour dates this November

\$9.99
CD



low price sound advice



Julie Doiron



**Goodnight Nobody CD Release Show
Saturday, Oct 16th @ the Media Club**

Early Show - doors 6:30, show 7:00.
with special guests Jonathan Inc.
\$10 at the door



INTERCONTINENTAL POP EXCHANGE
INTERCONTINENTALPOPEXCHANGE.COM

IPX No. 4: TREEBALL (FINLAND) &
AARON BOOTH (TORONTO)

IPX No. 5: SPEARMINT (UK) &
NOVILLERO (WINNIPEG)

endearingrecords New Music West night
Aaron Booth, Paper Moon, The Parkas & Novillero

Thursday November 11 at The Media Club
with guests Jonathan Inc.

endearingrecords

www.endearing.com info@endearing.com

Distributed by MapleNationwide/Universal Music Canada

ISSUE 256 OCT. 2004

DISCORDER OCTOBER 2004

DISCORDER

THAT NOT QUITE DEAD MAGAZINE
FROM CTR 101.9FM

EDITRIX

Kat Siddle

ADSTER

Jason Bennet

PRODUCTION MANAGER

Graeme Worlhy

ART DIRECTOR

Dale Davies

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT

Susy Webb

TA EDITOR

Vampyra Draculea

RLA EDITOR

Kimberley Day

LAYOUT & DESIGN

Dale Davies
Graeme Worlhy
Jason Bennet
Kimberley Day
Vampyra Draculea

PRODUCTION

Graeme Worlhy
Dale Davies
Susy Webb
Kat Siddle
Kimberley Day
Vampyra Draculea
Jason Bennet
Jodie Smith
Gerald Deo
Parmida Z.
Chris Walters
Michelle Mayne
Luke Meat
sweetcheyanne

ON THE DIAL

Bryce Dunn

CHARTS

Luke Meat

DATEBOOK

Kat Siddle
Chris Walters

DISTRIBUTION

Matt Steffich

US DISTRO

Frankie Rumbletone

PUBLISHER

Lydia Masemola

FEATURES

Vancouver International Film Festival p.11
5 Blank Pages p. 17
Guerilla Pop p. 18
Eshod Ibn Wyza p.13
The "For the Record" Drinking Game p.20
Robosexuals p. 16

REGULARS

From the Desk of... p.6
Riff Raff p.8
Panaricon p. 7
Do it Your Damn Self p.9
Kick Around p. 20
Textually Active p.12
Under Review p.21
Finding Joy p.24
Real Live Action p.23
Charts p.25
On The Dial p.26

FRONT COVER

By Gareth at Magic Teeth fame and
infamy

THANKS

Duncan McHugh
Lydia Masemola
Olde English Malt Liquor
(Our three favourite things).

© DISCORDER 2004 by the Student Radio Society of the University of British Columbia. All rights reserved.
Circulation 17,500. Subscriptions, payable in advance, is Canadian residents are \$15 for one year, to
residents of the USA are \$15 US, \$24 CDN elsewhere. Single copies are \$2 (to cover postage). Please make
cheques or money orders payable to DISCORDER Magazine. DEADLINES: Copy deadline for the November
issue is October 18, seriously this time. Ad space is available until October 28 and can be booked by calling
Jason at 604.822.3017 ext. 3. Our rates are available upon request. DISCORDER is not responsible for loss,
damage, or any other injury to unsolicited manuscripts, unsolicited artwork (including but not limited to
drawings, photographs, and transparencies), or any other unsolicited material. Material can be submitted
on disc or in type or via email. As always, English is preferred, but we will accept French. Actually, we
won't. Send email to DISCORDER at disorderclub@ms.ubc.ca, from UK to london@ms.ubc.ca, and Squamish to
Bellingham. CTR can be heard at 101.9 FM as well as through all major cable systems in the Lower Mainland,
except Show in White Rock. Call the CTR Hotline at 822.2497, our office at 822.3017, or our news and sports
lines at 822.3017 ext. 2. Fax us at 822.9864, e-mail us at: ctm@cm.ubc.ca, visit our web site at www.
ctr.ca or just pick up a goddamn pen and write #233-6138 308 Blvd., Vancouver, BC, V6T 1Z1, CANADA.

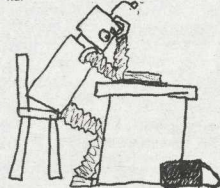
From The Desk of...

KAT SIDDLE

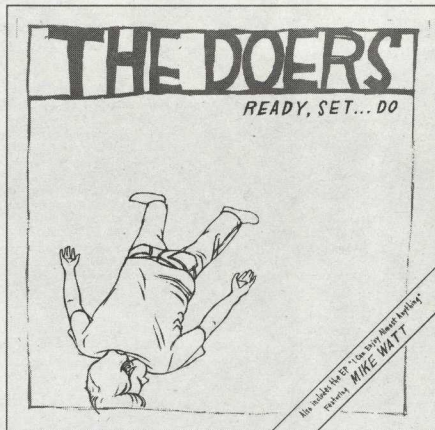
This month's spooktastic cover, created by Gareth of Magic Teeth fame, looks a lot more traditional than our last few have. It's a bit ironic, when everything between the cover and the ever-present Zulu ad, is changing. July saw the retirement of beloved classic Fucking Bulshit, while August introduced a new DIY-or-die column presented by The Seamrippers. This month marks the final Panarican, and the last-ever Kick Around, not to mention the second full colour pin-up calendar, with art by Aurel Schmidt. Those keen of eye might notice the absence of Strut, Fret and Flicker, but they're not to worry—Penelope's take on the local arts scene will be back next month. It's not like she was deported or arrested for smuggling or anything like that. We ran what I believe is our first article on Dave Emory, 'cause listening to CITR isn't just about losing the signal between Alma and Main Street, or hearing You are the Quarry on repeat between three to six AM every night. It's also about drinking with your friends and learning about Nazis, which is why we included the "For the Record" drinking game. We understand that the show is on during traditionally non drinking-game hours, but we want to encourage you to expand your horizons. For those of you who confine their boozing to the dark, CITR's Shindig! makes an excellent venue for this, and there's beer for jokers to boot. Meander down to the Railway Club on Tuesdays and check it out (while yours truly pines in a night class). If dancing's more your thing, don't miss the Evaporators/Cinch/Penguins show at the SUB party room October 15. It's a station fundraiser so

if you don't show, you're just pounding another nail in the coffin, you know? It's all ages, by the way. And hey, if you really, really insist on hearing recorded music, swing by the Pit Pub Thursday nights when our finest DJ's are released from the CITR stable to strut their stuff on the turntable. It's a night in the Pit when the music won't suck! Discerning readers of the DISCORDER should at least consider showing up. Gotta encourage good music in public places. Between the fall harvest of good albums, the rad concert season ahead of us (Le Tigre! PJ! Magnetic Fields!), the Vancouver International Film Festival, a week of Rheostatics' gigs, CITR's plentiful offerings of music and cheer, and the need to eat, sleep, and bathe, I'm not entirely sure how we're going to survive. The stars are aligned, and musically, at least, this "no-fun" city's been turned on its head. Enjoy it while it lasts, kids.

Kat



Now Available In Stores!!!

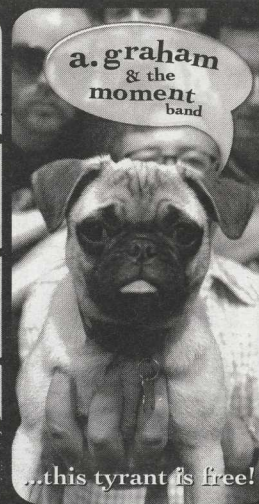


4307 Main Street
Vancouver, B.C.
(604) 708-9422
buddy@redcat.ca



The Nein
The Nein

A noisy & angular North Carolina trio featuring former members of The White Octave. OUT 10.19.04.



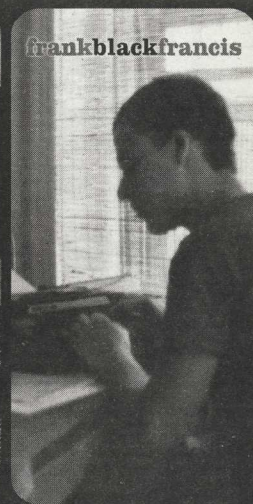
A. Graham & the Moment Band
This Tyrant Is Free

Deliciously breezy & quirky pop songs reminiscent of our favourite late-90's indie rock. OUT 10.19.04.



Jens Lekman
When I Said I Wanted To Be Your Dog

Showcases a burgeoning pop genius finding his legs in life. Features hit song "You Are The Light". OUT 09.28.04



Frank Black
Frank Black Francis

A new 2-CD collection of PIXIES related rarities. A must have for all PIXIES fans! OUT 10.12.04

SONIC UNYON PO BOX 97347 JACKSON STN HAMILTON ON CANADA L1P 4X2 • VISIT OUR ONLINE STORE @ WWW.SONICUNYON.COM • BROWSE 1000'S OF TITLES FROM OUR DISTRIBUTION CATALOGUE. MORE INFO? JERKS@SONICUNYON.COM

Panartigone

TOBIAS C. VAN VEEN

"Reading is escaping in broad daylight. It's the rejection of the other; most of the time it's a solitary act, exactly like writing. We don't always think of this because we no longer read; we used to read when we were children and knew how violent reading can be. The book strikes a blow, but you, with your book, strike the outside world with an equal blow. We cannot write in any other way—without slamming the door, without cutting the ties." —Hélène Cixous, *Three Steps on the Ladder of Writing*

The essay expanding into verbose nothingness. A column of exhaled air supporting nothing. Eventually, you pull out the knife and chop. Slice & reduce. Writing is painful. It is the art of pain rendered through the sign. Not symbolic masochism, but the masochist fled & whipped by his symbols. You are held to your words.

Discorder is clinging on. It has awe-handled at the same moment as my departure. Meaning: yes, this is the last Panartigone, number 35 to be exact, just about three years worth and beatmatching the end of *Fucking Bullshit*. It's been a long, strange trip through seven years of affiliation with the radio beast known as CITR 101.9FM and its proxy paper magazine. In the manner of all "last columns," I must recount: from the APEC '97 Noose team to (successful) Referendum fever, President, BOD, no-*z*, PARTICLE & Limpink 2.0; one new studio, eight editors (give or take), three program coordinators and two station managers. CITR is the washing machine of its time. Will it survive?

The radio future is digital. Paper's future is

uncertain. Recent moves by a new Discorder staff to get all "indie" might feed the short-term but the forecast projects obscurity & eventual demise. Barbara Andersen, praise her fire, brought "That Magazine from CITR 101.9FM" out into the great open (no blood drawn in a war of the roses). But the open is a tough place to be, especially if you're new to the deterritorialization game.

Given that the magazine risks representing all-indie, all-the-time, it could become the paper hit-thing of its pseudo-generation, like one of those Oldies radio stations. It's not the worst thing to happen, but close. A run-out groove sotted on the unused band of a frequently forgotten spectrum.

—There is an answer: and behold!

Captalism represents the perverse movement of the form we all love to hate. There is no reason why Discorder can't forego its parochial, backwater regionalism. Its patently senescent politics. Discorder can re-imagine itself as a hub of independent global coverage across all outlets of non-commercial music scenes. And not only music. Music isn't just music anymore and never has been. While we all know that the emergence of technology with the streetscape is producing hybrid forms, we don't yet know how to write about it. Note of which signals a positive, "futural" stance to technocracy: its critique lies not in the hands of some academic enterprise, but right here, in this beat-up, stained, newspaper strength rag. And you can do it: you can sign up and get involved and pitch and volunteer and write. If *Discorder* is to move, it must not only acknowledge the paradigm but craft and shape

it. If we want print (though not necessarily made from a tree) in a digital world of implanted adverts, then Discorder will be all the more necessary. It must operate at the excess of the generative. Evaluate these moments and get in the thick of the thin. Start writing, and the bruises & cuts will heal the addictive taste of pain.

At CITR, there is an ancient motto inscribed on the wall in black ink pen from the Sage of Yore (apparently Nardwuar): *Love Thy Station*.

There are two ways to die: by taking a risk, or by withering away in the same-old, and the body rotting off its shackles, mold & decomposition. Death on the vine in the great parable of Thomas Mann. Or, headlong off the cornice into fame, fortune and a timed burn-out. Either way, you can't avoid the Great Extinguisher. HST called it "The Great Magnet." Mann, *Death in Venice*.

Vancouver has grasped its early demise and already sanctified it in the name of the 2010 Olympiad. Luckily, culture is revving into some kind of froth as the date approaches. Dead since its industrial-acid house days, since the year of 1986 wherein EXPO destroyed an entire bastion of warehouses, fertile grounds of the counter-culture, there arise new zombies counter-point to the consumed bodies of George A. Romero... Dead again as The Sugar Refinery met its bohemian overdose, nonetheless there crawls from the abyss Vancouver's instrumental namesakes: VOID, the New Forms Festival, the Public Dreams Society, Vancouver New Music under Magnanensi, Tribal Gathering, the ever elusive artifacts of PONTM, Misanthropy, the ex-worshippers of the Church of Pointless Hysteria, lost ravers of Trickett FMTs & Mktress acid house, <ST> and all in-between,

seeking the two-thumbed, clenched fist of Freak Power. Foaming at the mouth in rabid glee is Vancouver's current denizen....

Gazing over the trees to the whitened dome that is Baker, along the earthquake faults that ring this geographic fire, sleeps a temporal continuum known as Cascadia. Portland, San Francisco... Down to the Decibel Festival in Seattle and beyond—will Discorder grasp the locus of its coverage?

It's not a question for me to answer: it's up to everyone else now.

In this muggy Montreal afternoon, as traffic drips past under a grey haze, fine Scotch in the tumbler, I'd like to thank those Editors who have put up with these en/coded transmissions, paranoid prophecies & general abuses of English grammar, in their hindsight & excitability. Dedicated to Linda Scholten (& Emma, with bows to Jane Austen), B. Andersen, L. Mead, erats & antark, L. Kiestling, A. Schrag, D. McHugh, D. Lau, M. Hancunt, A. Fitz, E. Shaw, A. Newman, S. Efron, Lucas, C. Min, o.J. Milkman, dj Noah, the G42 Players, Dr. Kildare, Hailcham, Harry & the BOD, J.J. Lee (for the typewriter, a debt which will one day be properly remembered), M. Hoffman, *The Jazz Show*, Nardwuar, SketchCo, 24 Hours of Radio-Art and everything and everybody else that has made this time weird and wonderful, with special kudos to Mel and everything s/he represents and the very first years of *Discorder* issues—a forgotten treasure of Vancouver radicalism, an homage to the magazine's potential in the core of the punk DIY ethic & the inspiration for this column.

But the thing about writing is, you never know who you're writing for. Which is a good thing. D

Sarah Slean

Day One



Day One tells a story of ruin and rebirth.
A call for Renaissance.

Co-produced by Sarah Slean,
Pete Prilesnik (Sarah Harmer)
and Dan Kurtz (The New Deal).

Featuring the single

Lucky Me

TOURING CANADA
IN OCTOBER

\$10.99

► FUTURE SHOP

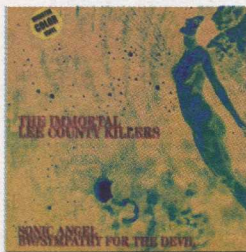
www.sarahslean.com www.warnermusic.ca



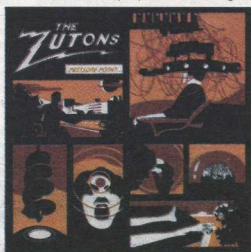
Riff Raff

BRYCE DUNN

October is all about tricks and treats, so why don't we give you some in the form of ear candy? Sonically sweet, **The Immortal Lee County Killers** kick off this month's latest additions to the vinyl vault by giving us the splendid **Bo Diddley** bounce of "Sonic Angel", complete with keys and a swampy, hot Southern ode to a mistress. And on the flip, a live-to-micro-cassette version of a ILCK show staple, "Sympathy For The Devil", which allows for more boogie chillun and a scorching guitar solo from **Fu Manchu** head heshier Eddie Glass. Not usually a fan of live recordings, but I'll give this one a nod, only for the effort to capture two men hell bent on making a pretty common tune a hip-shakin', gear-grindin' good time. (Munster Records, www.munsterrecords.com).



It's always a treat to discover new bands that blow you away on first listen and **The Red Onions** from L.A. have done just that, but I had to hear their CD EP first, before managing to track down an earlier seven inch of much rawer quality. These four Latinos have managed to, in a very short amount of time, turn Los Angeles on its ear and create what will be the most talked about resurrection of "funkpunk" (and I don't mean the **Infectious Grooves** kind) in recent memory. Marrying the best elements of **Stooges**-esque bravado with incredibly catchy **Meters**-style hooks, the platter in question is two songs that shake, quake and vibrate with such urgency that you can't help gettin' down like **James Brown** and lickin' the floor like **Lenny** would do. "Live Wire" and "Sexy Thang" are only a taste of the much sharper production and tighter



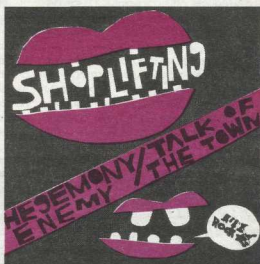
songwriting evident on their EP, but sometimes you gotta look forward to go back, or whatever the saying is. (Revenge Records, no address given, but try their S/T EP on Fat Possum).

Now **The Mooney Suzuki** have been in my bad books for a little while, after releasing the mediocre **Electric Sweat** LP and a waste-of-vinyl-seven inch last year that could have been better used as a way to patch a loose spot on my girlfriend's vintage couch, but I digress. Lo and behold, that band that claims to be "Number ONE!" (at least that's what the email they sent me says) is back with a new album (produced by the friggin' **Matrix**, WTF?), and the lead-off single is "Shake That Bush Again", which I have to concede is a pretty happenin' track, a revved-up soul shouter that has the sex appeal to make the girls undoubtedly want to shake whatever it is they got again and again. So why did they have to go and ruin this with a throwaway instrumental on the B-side? Their stab at blaxploitation soundtrack sampling is better found sandwiched between cuts on the album, not as a single. Speaking of the album, read my review on that in this here magazine for my ruminations on whether or not The MS are indeed **Alive And Amplified** and not dead and buried with their latest record. (Columbia Records, but don't bother-save your mooney for a new couch).

Turning our attention to the city of Edmonton and the two twosomes known as **Whitley Houston** and **The Vertical Struts**, we've got double the reason to give them some ink here. Whitley and Grovy (bass and drums respectively) pound through two numbers of the fuzzed-out, floor-shakin' variety, kinda reminiscent of another duo you may know as **Death From Above 1979**, but with a little less facial hair. The Vertical Struts offer up lo-fi blues that plays like **Doo Rag** (remember them, anybody?), as "Plans For Her" has that same type of skiffish guitar work that **Bob Log** is now renowned for. Either way, you've got a couple winners here, and both bands are close

enough that they can tour our way (which coincidentally, both have), so make sure to catch them next time they're out. (Contact! Whitley at: whitey@viveweekly.com. The VS courtesy of: The House Of Queenie, No.2 7625 115 St. Edmonton, AB Canada T6G 1N4).

"Who killed **The Zutons**?" You may be asking yourself after picking up the latest piece of crap that is their first album. The answer: "Please let it be me...oh let it be me." This single ("Pressure Point" b/w "Zutankhamun") offers me nothing but a headache and no words to describe how lame this actually is. Death threats can be sent to Epic Records. If I sound angry, I apologize, but for **Shoplifting**, they make no excuses on their seven inch, which is a pseudo-disco art punk protest with a message that's not to be taken lightly; just listen to "Talk Of The Town" with lyrics conveniently included, so you can stomp, shout and work it on out with the rest of us. (Kill Rock Stars, 120 NE State Ave, P.O. Box 418 Olympia WA USA 98501). Thanks for reading this far, party people, see you in November! **D**



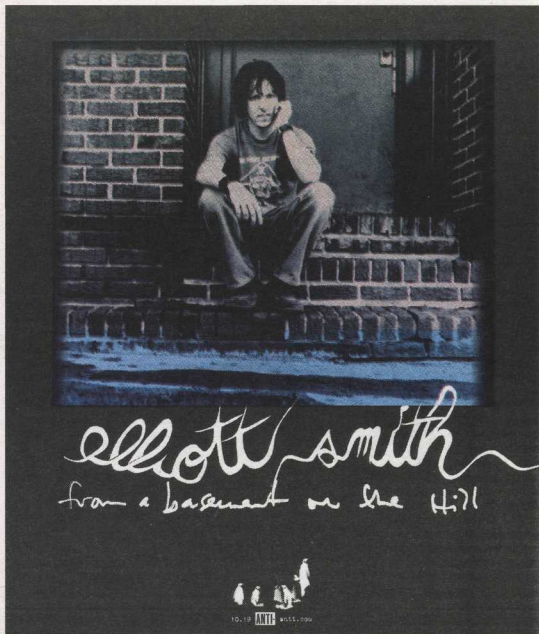
Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

Abattoir Blues / The Lyre of Orpheus



The new two album set.
Released October 26th

ASV
www.nickcaveandthebadseeds.com
www.asv.com



Do It Your Damn Self

THE SEAMRIPPERS CRAFT COLLECTIVE
FEATURING GEORGIE RUSSELL

STUFFED FELT APPLE PIN

Craft felt: (red, green, and brown). Available in 12x12 inch squares from almost every sewing or craft store.

Embroidery floss: (pale green, for leaf veins) As readily available as the felt.

Needles: Embroidery or regular.

Thread: I prefer polyester as it's stronger. The colours should match your felt as closely as possible.

Straight pins: To hold all the pieces in place while you sew it. Unless you think that you don't need them, show off.

Safety pin or proper pin backing: Safety pins are easy to find and the proper pins are available in

little bags at both craft and sewing stores.

Scissors: Get some good ones, especially for fabric. And then don't cut paper with them, so really you need at least two pairs.

Tracing paper: Optional.

Stuffing: I prefer polyester fibre fill as it is light and not lumpy, good for small objects. It's only available in really large bags which might be more than you need. If this is your first project that needs stuffing and you aren't sure you want to commit, use cotton wool from the drugstore. It's not quite as springy but you can always use it to take off nail polish.

This is a simple project and the end result can be used as a pin or applied to an item of clothing or other object (cushion or bag maybe). The process for making this project can also be adapted to other shapes and designs.

To start making this pin you will need to trace the images below or cut them out directly (make sure you have already read the article on the other side of the page). When you have your paper pattern cut out you can trace them onto the felt (use a soft pencil and remember to sew this onto the inside) or pin them in place cut around them. Felt works best for these types of projects as it is available in lots of colours and the edges don't fray. Felt is also quite thick so your finished pin will have a soft rounded shape. If you are insistent on being complicated and using a different type of fabric you have two options, included at the end of the instructions. But here's how to keep it simple, cut out felt in various colours. Stems in brown, leaves in green and the fruit of the apple in red (or green or yellow if you are feeling subversive).

The stem should be folded in half length-wise and stitched down the open side and across one end. Stitches should be small and even. Through the remaining opening insert a small amount of stuffing to give the stem some shape. You will probably need something for this - try the head of a pin or the inside of a ballpoint pen. When you feel that the stem has enough shape, stitch the remaining end if it closed. For the fruit part of the apple, sew about 3/4 of the way around. Fill the fruit with stuffing until it attains desired plumpness. Sew up the remainder of the stem. For a vein down the center of the leaves, make small even stitches from one end to the other with embroidery thread.

When all the pieces are complete, put them together roughly following the diagram. When you have assembled all the pieces, attach the pin. You can either use a safety pin or a pre-made pin especially designed to be glued or sewn on. Make sure it is smaller than the apple. The pre-made pin has holes to sew through and will be quite sturdy, if you are using a safety pin

sew over and over the whole side that doesn't open. Or, you can make this more secure by cutting a small rectangle of felt and sewing over the pin.

For a juicier looking apple you can add a shine spot with embroidery thread or a small clear sequin. The embroidery should be added before the felt is sewn together but a sequin or beads can be added at the last minute.

For complicated people:

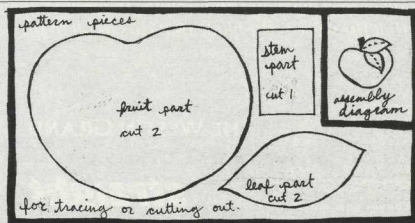
Option one: Iron interfacing onto the backside of regular fabric before cutting it out. Get a soft interfacing as it will be hard to sew if too stiff. Most sewing stores have a wide variety; make sure that it is heat bondable. This will prevent the weave of the fabric from fraying.

Option two: You can also sew a seam on the inside of the fabric. Place two right sides together and sew a seam most of the way around. Then turn it right side out and stuff it through the same hole. Stitch up this hole as invisibly as possible.

You can also make a seam all the way round and then cut a small hole in the back to turn it and stuff it. Inside seams can be tricky as the shape of your object can change drastically. You may need to experiment with the size and shape. As a general rule, make the pattern bigger and wider than you want the finished project.

The Seamrippers Craft Collective is offering workshops this fall. We have been experiencing technical problems with our website so if you can't get the calendar there, please email us at seamrippers@excite.com or phone us at (604) 689 SEAM (7326) for information.

And due to the success of the opening of our first show 'stitchn' I have to make another wristband and I'll kill myself. We have decided to hold gallery hours. They will be Saturdays October 2nd 9th from 1-6 and Sundays October 3rd and 10th from 5-9. If you would like to see some example of craft based artwork that wouldn't be in a craft fair please come by our address is 436 West Pender, at Richards. D



PACIFIC
CINEMATHEQUE
PACIFIQUE

OCTOBER 10-14 & 18

THE RETURN OF

★★★★

"AN EVENT MOVIE LIKE NO OTHER."

THE GUARDIAN

CREMASTER

7.5 HR. CREMASTER MARATHON — OCT 10!

SUNDAY, OCT 10: CREMASTER 1+2 - 4:00 · CREMASTER 3 - 6:20 · CREMASTER 4+5 - 9:45

C1 + C2 SUN, OCT 10 - 4:00
MON, OCT 11 - 7:15
THURS, OCT 14 - 9:25

C3 SUN, OCT 10 - 6:20
WED, OCT 13 - 7:30
MON, OCT 18 - 7:30

C4 + C5 SUN, OCT 10 - 9:45
MON, OCT 11 - 9:30
THURS, OCT 14 - 7:30

TICKETS
AT THE DOOR
AND ON-LINE

\$7.5
SINGLE BILL

\$8.5
DOUBLE BILL

\$13
MARATHON

1131 HOWE STREET, DOWNTOWN VANCOUVER

www.cinematheque.bc.ca

24" film info: 604.688.film



DIAMANDA GALÁS

DEFIXIONES: Will and Testament

Tuesday 19 October 2004
Vogue Theatre 8:30 pm

Tickets \$30/\$20 at Zulu and Ticketmaster
604.280.3311 or www.ticketmaster.ca

Singer and pianist, poet and philosopher, Diamanda Galás reminds us that the voice is the blade that cuts us all to the heart.

— Richard Morrison

photo by Austin Young



vancouver new music

THE WESTIN GRAND
VANCOUVER

THE GEORGIA
straight
VANCOUVER LIVE & ENTERTAINMENT DISTRICT

VOX

FULL-THROTTLE MOUTH MUSIC

VANCOUVER NEW MUSIC FESTIVAL

WWW.NEWMUSIC.ORG • 604.633.0861

PUSHING **VOCALIZATION** TO ITS LIMITS USING SOUND, MUSIC AND POETRY, each of the performers in Vancouver New Music's **VOX** festival explores the elastic potential of the human voice. Overtone singing, squawks, howls and breathy utterances all take the stage, at times enhanced with **video and electronic** manipulation. The festival showcases the voice as a versatile instrument, capable of producing beautiful melodies, unearthly sounds **AND EVERYTHING IN BETWEEN.**

**20
23
OCT
2004**

TICKETS AT TICKETMASTER 604.280.3311 or www.ticketmaster.ca

SCOTIABANK DANCE CENTRE • 677 DAVIE ST.

17 • EVENTS • PERFORMANCES & FREE ARTIST CHATS
TICKETS: \$20 [\$15 STUDENTS/SENIORS] FOR EACH EVENING

WED 20	THURS 21	FRI 22	SAT 23
PAUL DUTTON 7:30 PM	VIVIANE HOULE & STEFAN SMULOVITZ 7:30 PM	IDIOLALLA 7:30 PM	
KOICHI MAKIGAMI FREE ARTIST CHAT 8:30 PM	COSMOS (SACHIKO M. & AMI YOSHIDA) FREE ARTIST CHAT 8:30 PM	SAINKHO NAMTCHYLAK FREE ARTIST CHAT 8:30 PM	AMELIA CUNI & WERNER DURAND 8:00 PM
KATE HAMMETT-VAUGHAN & RON SAMWORTH 9:00 PM	PIERRE-ANDRE ARCAND 9:00 PM	MARGUERITE WITVOET 9:00 PM	
PAUL DUTTON FREE ARTIST CHAT 10:00 PM	VIVIANE HOULE & STEFAN SMULOVITZ FREE ARTIST CHAT 10:00 PM	IDIOLALLA FREE ARTIST CHAT 10:00 PM	MAJA RATKJE & HC GILJE 10:00 PM
KOICHI MAKIGAMI 10:30 PM	COSMOS (SACHIKO M. & AMI YOSHIDA) 10:30 PM	SAINKHO NAMTCHYLAK 10:30 PM	

THE 23RD VANCOUVER INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL AS REVIEWED BY PENELOPE MULLIGAN

Either you already know how exhilarating an international film festival can be or you owe it to yourself to find out. The following films are recommended because 1) I've seen them, 2) I believe they're worth your time, 3) they will still have screenings by the time this issue is out and 4) of the many features and documentaries fulfilling the above criteria, they're all that this heartbreakingly constrained space allows, in the end, I had to flip a coin.

BEAUTIFUL BOXER (Thailand)

I don't usually fling around descriptors like "uplifting" and "something for everyone" unless I'm being an ironic cow, but this dramatic feature about a real-life kickboxing champion is all that, and at the same time, utterly cool. That Nong Toom, as he was known, should have pursued such a career in order to finance his own sexual reassignment surgery makes every detail hypersignificant, yet both the comedy and the philosophical insights are as delicate as a temple dancer's hand gesture. The almost universal acceptance and support that Toom received from "real" females is beautifully observed, as is the loaded issue of panic-stricken, macho homophobes trying to beat the shit out of a transvestite in the boxing ring. The fight scenes are glorious, of course, with the camera tracking every move like a nimble referee; and there's a miraculous performance from a first-time actor in the lead role. The film's only downside is that it's the sort of thing Hollywood might want to remake. The possibility is too hideous to contemplate. (Oct 6, 7pm, Vogue)

IMAGINING ULYSSES (Ireland)

Sure it's the fat, rich tome by James Joyce that's being savoured here. And don't let not having read the thing keep you away. One of the central hooks in this collaboration to mark the centenary of Bloomsday is that not a lot of people have—and that Joyce and his novel have become institutionalized to the point where most Irish don't feel they need to. Running parallel to the book's *Odyssey*-like structure, the film is divided into 18 short episodes which follow the progress of one Stephen Dedalus as he walks through Dublin, but this thread is almost lost in the welter of everything else that gets packed in. Not that it matters. Events in Joyce's life are wonderfully illuminated with both narration and vintage photos of family, Dublin street life and Edwardian port; literary heavies drop in for enlightening commentary (director Neil Jordan is especially pithy); and we're treated to some truly dreadful mock-talk shows and sitcoms dedicated

to things Joycean. At times, the documentary's wild jig between reverence and populism is more jarring than cheeky, but its aim is true. The most moving side-trip concerns a Chinese couple who began translating Ulysses into Mandarin just in time to incur the wrath of Chairman Mao. After public floggings and years in labour camps—they finally completed their labour of love in 1994. A quarter million copies have been sold—and you can bet they've been read. (Oct 5, 10:30PM, Granville 5)

SEARCHING FOR THE WRONG-EYED JESUS (UK/USA)

When a crew from BBC's *Arena* went looking for what in God's name inspired a 1998 album called "The Mysterious Tale of How I Shouted Wrong-Eyed Jesus", they found its creator, Jim White. The worldly hickster became their drawing, straw-hatted Mephistopheles on a journey through the back roads of the American South. The resulting film wraps you in a fecund weirdness reminiscent of last year's *Piggle*, but because it's a documentary, this is a lot scarier. In a place where "the most ordinary conversation ... has a theological basis," folks are tethered to the co-dependent poles of religion and sin; and it's White's personal quest for a way to reconcile the two that sets our itinerary. The ramblings of locals and illuminating dissertations on southernness from musicians such as Jimmy Dowd, White himself and alt-country darlings The Handsome Family keep us riveted, but it's the music (from all of the above and more) that puts the gas in the tank and makes you want the trip to last forever. There's a good reason why DISORDER is the proud sponsor of this film. (Oct 5, 9:45pm, Granville 2)

THE NOMI SONG (Germany)

Like all satisfying documentaries, this engaging look at rock music's quintessential alien is about more than just its subject. By the time Klaus Nomi's popularity had hit its zenith in the early 1980s, the android get-ups and robotic choreography were just set dressing for an otherness, which the German pixie already carried with him when he landed in New York City a decade earlier. Armed with classical voice training from a Berlin music academy, he honed his falsetto (at a time when no one was hiring countertenors) to a pitch that was pure cabaret. No wonder, then, that East Village scenesters discovered and claimed him as one of their own. In a number of many info-rich reminiscences from veterans of the era, performance diva Ann Magnusson recalls the night she stumbled out of Max's Kansas City to find Nomi by a dumpster singing an aria. Well-integrated footage from the alternative vaudeville scene makes obvious what the talking heads freely admit: while they wore their trash aesthetic like a badge of honour, Klaus was a genuine artist. Most distressing to watch are the compromises that Nomi made as he began to groom for the big time—and the film documents this subtle artistic dealmaking with little comment. David Bowie's brief involvement, for instance, feels almost parasitic, and one gets the sense that Nomi may have been better off without it. A fascinating slice of art rock history, *The Nomi Song* also whings a lament for those artists whose course has been to arrive both too late and too soon. (Oct 7, 3pm, Granville 1) **D**



Searching for the Wrong-Eyed Jesus

And for afters...

If you just can't get out of marathon mode when the Film Festival wraps, crawl back to the Pacific Cinematheque at 4pm on October 10 for a complete screening of Matthew Barney's 5-part *Cremaster Cycle*. Those who prefer to take it easy can spread things out until October 18. Either way, *Cremaster* is six and three-quarter hours of sensory stupor—sensory—and a crucial demonstration of film's capacity to deliver the contents of an artist's imagination.

CiTR 101.9fM presents...

SHINDIG 2004

A battle-of-the-bands extravaganza Tuesdays at the Railway Club

579 Dunsmuir Street at Seymour

October 5: Mark of the Beats/The Philharmonic/The Sore Throats

October 12: Basement/Bontempi/Ponderosa

October 19: The Invaders/Mohawk Lodge/sik logik

October 26: Cadeaux/Hejira/The Skatomatics

Props to these extra special sponsors:



info: <http://shindig.citr.ca/>

Textually Active

For Those About To Rock: A Road map to beginning a band.

Dave Bidini:
Tundra Books

Dave Bidini is best-known for wearing funny hats and playing rhythm guitar with the Rheostatics, that most Canadian of bands hailing from Etobicoke, Ontario. What you may not know is that Bidini is also an author, and he's coming (in both guises) to Vancouver.

Bidini got his start writing for his high-school paper, interviewing up-and-coming bands (like the Ramones, for example). His first book, *On a Cold Road*, documented the unique experience of touring in Canada. Two books about sports, 2000's *Tropic of Hockey* and 2004's *Baseballissimo* followed. This fall sees a fourth book from the plaid-suited powerhouse: a guide for kids who wanna rock. And when I say kids, I mean kids, children, the wee humans you see in elementary school and junior high.

At a time when the music industry specifically targets the youth market and makes a ton of money off it, it's a relief to see someone offer kids a level-headed, honest introduction as to what it's like being in a band. Bidini points out that "making it" is a relative idea, and that this year's American Idol probably won't hang around for the long run. He stresses the idea that it's not about the clothes, the gear, or getting signed—in the end, it's about making the music you want to make. With the airwaves clogged by Britney and Avril clones, this isn't something kids can hear enough of. He also covers the practical matters, from where to meet like-minded aspiring musicians, to surviving the emotional wreckage of touring, to finding the perfect band name. This book is intended for young readers, but Rheostatics fans who read it will find references to the early days of the band, Etobicoke and the Albion Mall.

Dave will be reading at the Vancouver International Writer's Festival on October 21 (event 15) and 22 (event 29). The Rheostatics are releasing their twelfth album, 2007, on October 5th on True North Records. They will be playing five (five!) shows at the Music Club.

For further information go to www.writersfest.bc.ca and www.rheostatics.ca.

Kat



Funny hat, big bat. Dave Bidini

Curious Scotland: Tales From A Modern History George Rosie Granta Books/Raincoast Books

Since I've been digging up my roots a bit lately, I've noticed my lack of knowledge about the Scottish part of my heritage. So, when I saw this book I had to jump at it.

George Rosie doesn't try to teach Scottish history the way history is usually taught—with a bunch of dates that seem meaningless when they're taken out of context to fit into a neat chronology. Rather, he explores Scottish history the way I like my histories—a series of semi-chronological vignettes that may seem random in some ways, but that help to illustrate the patterns of a people like piece in a puzzle. Rosie goes deep on context and helps give a better understanding of the Scots—from their fiercely independent nature as illustrated in the chapters on wars with the Celts and Romans and Angles, to the value of their now-forgotten or vilified heroes like John Knox and how these men helped shape modern Scotland, to the way they've made heroes out of their old villains like Mary Stuart, to how Scotch influence has helped shape the rest of the world from the fluid kind of Scotch influence during prohibition to how Robert Burns' descendants participated in the British Empire's trades. And there's lots in here too about how non-Scots perceive us and have throughout the years.

There's humor, there's tragedy, there's plain old human stupidity just as in any other history you could ever find, but what sets this book apart is Rosie's superb storytelling skills, bringing each person to life in a very convincing manner (unlike

the one dimensional portrayals common to the kind of history we learned in school.) It reminds me a lot of my first teacher of Scots history—my high school physics teacher, a proud Highlander who was the first one to ever make it seem like being Scottish, even in part, was the least bit good or funny or interesting. I bet Mr. Perry already has his copy of *Curious Scotland*, and I know I'll treasure mine.

Drake.

What Is Goth? Music, Makeup, Attitude, Apparel, Dance and General Skullduggery Voltaire Weiser Books/Raincoast Books

So you're like me and you know you're basically a Goth and you know some bands you like, and your wardrobe is 99% shades of black, but you still get kind of hung up when you have to explain Goth to a normal. You know in your gut what it means, but not how to explain that. Okay, here's funny Goth singer/writer Voltaire to your rescue with some history, lots of anecdotes, and some vocabulary to give a precise scientific definition of Goth. Of course, you could just give the normal an evil stare from behind those heavily made up eyes, but maybe you're 're too tired today after being evil at a club all night, or writing poetry all night searching for that perfect phrase to capture your angst.

In either case, this book can help you. There's tips on how to blith to the DJ at the club, dance instructions for the double left-footed, fashion tips to help you look your spookiest when there, and for you poets, if you just can't write any thing angry today because your cousin brought

over her cute little puppy and you couldn't resist its charms, have no fear—there's also a goth poem generator. (There's also a Goth name generator, because it really sucks to have written the ultimate Goth opus and have to sign it "George Smith.")

And for you history buffs, yes there is a brief history of the actual Gothic tribes of Germanic people way back when, to show how the word evolved from them to us.

Basically, this cool little tome is a veritable guidebook to Goth. As for the question in the title, well, you'll just have to read it yourself to discover the true answer. (And no peeking ahead to the last page! You'll miss all the fun stuff like how to not get cavity searched at US airports.)

Drake

Damned: An Illustrated History of the Devil

Robert Muchembled
Seuil Chronicle Books/Raincoast Books

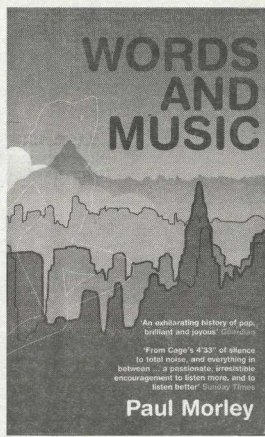
Just in time for Halloween, that most devilish time of the year, comes a book that tells a little bit of the story of Satan, if nothing of his presumed holiday. And yes, I say "a little bit" because the "illustrated" part of the title is the real key. *Damned* is filled with all sorts of demonic and sin-related images from Western art history, and I think this is the true value of the book.

So, the art. Included here are some of the masterworks of Western art, and lots of other works by the masters in question. From the surrealist monsters of Hieronymus Bosch's depictions of Hell to the hilarious title etchings in the nineteenth century when the Devil wasn't really feared in a literal sense anymore, there is a lot to look at here, and for a painter like myself this is a valuable resource of evil iconography.

There were, however, a couple of glaring omissions to my eye. First, there was virtually nothing of the thriving Devil in

commercial art from the Fifties and Sixties when the Evil One was used to hawk everything from hot sauce to gum. Maybe it's not the most significant philosophical reference, but it is a major source of relatively recent visual depictions, and I think some could have been there. Secondly, and this was foreshadowed by a dismissive and stereotypical reference to murderous devil worshippers on page 167, there is no acknowledgement of the work of actual Satanic artists. Sure, there aren't many of them in the art world in general, but in terms of artists who are using devilish subject matter, they're a fairly large contingent, and it isn't too hard to find out about Coop or Diabolus Rex Church's work via an easy internet search. And Coop is certainly becoming well known with his work on everything from T-shirts to CD covers to his very own devil-art coffee table book. But, omitting them seems to support the author's premise that no one bothers much with the devil today and evil has been internalized etc. (hence lots about non-Devil related horror flicks in the end as though that was the end of the topic.) There isn't even much about the comics, with their semi-demonic villains and/or heroes.

Nonetheless, the author does make some good (albeit obvious points) about the nature of human reaction to fear and



externalization versus internalization of blame for baser instincts, and like I said, the art is awesome. It alone is more than worth the price.

Drake

Fireball Productions proudly presents ROCKTOBER!

- The Brickyard** 315 Carrall Street
1 The Cinch, Pink Mountaintops, Bella
2 Niel Hamburger, Pleeseasaur
9 Canned Hamm, Smell Of Steve, Steve Steveston, Phat Farm
15 DOA, The Rebel Spell and guests
21 Electric Frankentien, Nasty On, Red Hot Lovers*
23 Soulsar CD release with Omegacrom, Angel Grinder
29 Zuckuss and guests
30 The Almighty Punchdrunk, Cyanotic, Among The Betrayed
The Pic Pub 622 West Pender Street
15 Farewell To Freeway, Pure Blank, A Murder Of Crows
20 Bedouin Soundclash
21 King Cobb Steele and guests
23 Staggered Crossing and guests
28 Moneyshot, Rio Bent and guests
30 Cuff The Duke and guests
The Red Room 398 Richards Street
29 Zeke, Black Halos and guests*
*** tickets @ Zulu Scratch Red Cat. Noize**

updates www.fireballproductions.com, info 604.874.7906



ESHOD IBIN WYZZA

HIP-HOP HAS CHANGED: WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO?

BY SWEETCHEYANNE
PHOTO: PATRICK FINLEY

Madame Wang: I have panic attacks. Having had one just yesterday. It is an inexplicable feeling of wanting to rip out of bed and run out of my house. Maybe it's a sign I need to get out more.

What is eshod?

Madame Wang: It is a semi-collective. A core of five members (Madame Wang, Crow-box One-string, Solar Warrior, Hypolyte, Corvid Lotox), guest MC's (23 Ends), and instrumentalists (Daniel Buxom, Joachim). We want to be something different, and we're slowly finding out within our group what we can all do to make that a reality. It's rather ironic that I'm in a project like this because I still consider it rather conventional. But I'm trying to change that. It is challenging trying to make music for 4 or 5 different MC's that have all different styles. It's more fun than making music by yourself.

When left alone it's kinda like the idle-hands-devil's-work thing. Our EP, *We Are That We Are*, is not really indicative of us as a live act. Our second album, *Internal Mindscheme*, is definitely a concept album and it's a little closer to some of the stuff we do live. But it has a more experimental edge to it for sure... It satisfies my experimental cravings.

Hypolyte: Experiment is every time I sit in a space with my collective and the jam emerges out of nowhere, and suddenly I wanna be Jack White. Experiment is the whole experience of eshod. Listen to *Internal Mindscheme*—Madame Wang took an idea and turned every entry on that album into an experience in experiment. We are still finding our ground. We all come from different places where our talents developed and eshod is a manifestation for all of us as a vehicle to present those talents. Its intentions...music music music music, knowledge passed down through the love of our art and the composition of our varied styles of rhythm and poetry—reestablish the definition of rap—[s]he should have been wiser...

How does having organic instrumentation change the music?

Hypolyte: It gives it the life of a thousand years. Fuck 4/4—find a drummer, a bassist, and some horns—go back to the basics and suddenly the expression takes on new elements of sound, resonance, acoustics, intention. Poetry seems to best match organic instrumentation only because the spaces between, the noodling and dramatics, give word new dimension. People can relate to that scene of a three piece band and some form of lyricist on the m-i-c.

Are the words you speak poetry?

Hypolyte: [His voice always sounds out of fit:] You tell me. Rip into the universe inside paper—very natural and unnatural at the same

time—black hole literally in a figurative sense—comprehend? Out of my mind most often when I think, out of synch—remember to wink at the stone faced blinkers. Something of my presence lingers so close to touch with fingers picking through stem to root so massive yet still minute compared to the fruit of it—all yes mama I have the gall to take the fall—heaven to earth, it's hell.

I have a hard time defining where that places in literary regards. My words are my world. I write words that are directly lifted from my world, both internally and externally. I write in weird tangents about instances in my day, interactions with people, reflections of my mind's eye. I have a piece that starts off, "These words find life beyond my mighty attempts to murder the vocabulary." Once the words are on the page it is as if they are their own being. I will read a piece six months after writing it and suddenly understand how relative that was to the time of creation. These are strands of thought based in reality and an after-reality. I write in a weird context of past, present, and future tense. I write about my life in a very metaphorical way, so it that fails to permeate the audience, I come off sounding like gibberish. I depend on people's ability to detach from their regular interpretations.

Do you consider your work with eshod to be hip-hop?

Hypolyte: Personally, no. I am influenced by hip-hop but I am predominately a creative writer. My work with eshod is devoid of genres. My frame of mind is "How can we blur the lines?" "How can we strip away preconceived notions?"

Madame Wang [always the contrarian]: Yes! Albeit a new brand of something that is essentially the same inside. The mechanisms and construction of the music is similar, but we try to enhance elements of today's hip-hop with live instrumentation from odd musical sources, infusing it with something that's similar to today's hip-hop but also having that juxtaposition of an accordion and spoken word artists thrown in the mix something you'd be hard pressed to find in any "hip-hop" act.

What is the essential similarity that makes hip-hop 'hip-hop'?

Madame Wang: The construction of it really, the sampling, the sequencing. The internal mechanisms that hip-hop producers use to make music are all very similar to our method. But one can say that all music is done similarly these days. The differences are, of course, our material as opposed to theirs. For me, the more obscure the better. It just sounds more fresh when you're sampling a ten second musical sound-bite from an obscure Italian action film (that no one has ever seen), as opposed to a sound bite of Samuel Jackson from *Pulp Fiction*. Stuff like that makes me close my ears.

23 Ends [she hates me for asking these questions]: Fuck hip-hop! Hip-hop is full of similarities. eshod Ibin Wyzza is an undefined expression; unsimilar, abstract...

And abstract?

23 Ends [she hates me even more]: Music, word, art—not saying by definition only by perspective. Abstract through the angle of the music—to compose in touch with grey tones—unlike average summaries of artistic format, using technical language and proficiency as well as visual language through the auditory use of the music interpreted by a specialist audience. An ability to interpret and take into account the vast and diverse cultural and historical accomplishments that gave birth to its sound, imagery... Expressionism, idealism and spirituality combined with harmony by the surfacing of an acceptance through ordinary terms.

Hypolyte: I have been learning to listen. This art never ceases to challenge the performer and audience. To listen. Listen to the words, to the song in voice, to listen to the advance and retreat of rhythm and beat—all of these are elements of the whole composition and when one is truly listening all of the opportunities to connect are front stage centre. I seek to learn how to completely open to my audience. Spoken-word is effective most when the cadence, the words and the message are delivered in its most ideal fashion—intimate, naked, emotional. In my recent experiences I have met people who love the poetry, the abstractness of it, and want to hear more. I want to attract the audience that appreciates the art form and develop ways to reach people who turn that deaf ear.

Madame Wang: Music for me is anything, any sound really. The roaring of a fan or train, for me, is more enjoyable than anything you'll find on a top 40 station. For me music and sound are essentially the same. I find music in most "sound".

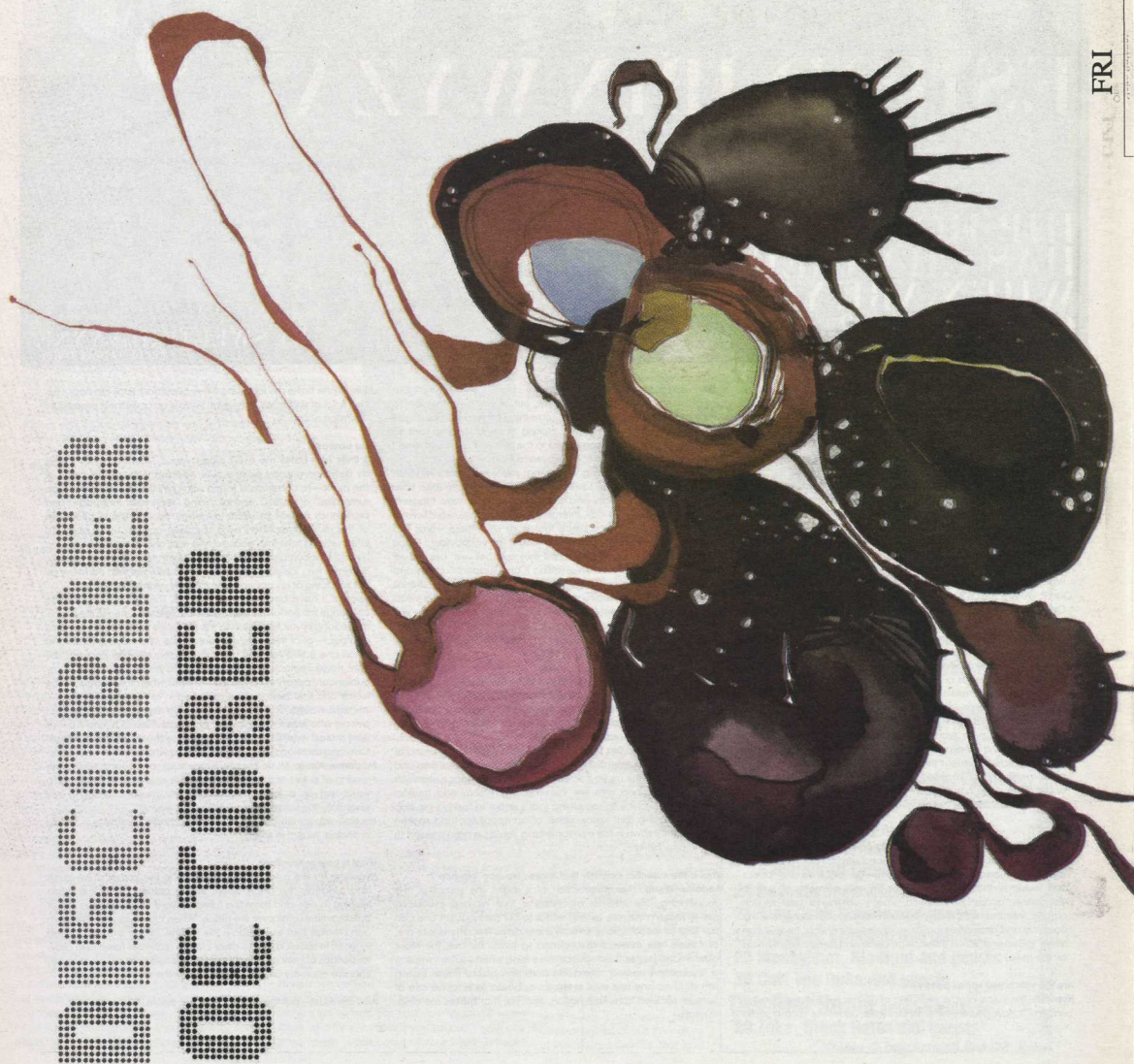
My early experimentalations were all about finding harmony in chaos, or finding "music" in sound.

What is your motivation?

Hypolyte: It's like a flash of light goes off in the corner of my brain and suddenly the page opens into a golden road—the bricks leading to Oz—and there is a forest of word with letters the size of buildings littered all over the place. When the words spill forth from pen I realize that expression is the engine. I have a burning need to write, to speak in turn to clear cut the alphabet forest and allow for periods of new growth. The people around me motivate me to improve upon my dreams and reach for the stars in my heart.

And the muse—but that is a whole other article. **D**

FRI





SUN

MON

TUES

WED

THURS

The Briefs, The Gits,
Emergency, the Ugly
Sisters & Mesa Luna
(All Ages)

Mouse On Wax, Rattat, JR
Boys & Sonar

3

Gerard Knox, Human A-Life
Real, Concrete Lions, Alex-
andra Kratus & Mesa Luna
(All Ages)

4

Blue Skies At War, The Reason,
Starless Nights, Lights Below &
Mesa Luna (All Ages)
Badly Drawn Boy @ The
Commodore Ballroom.

5

Enna Redapozza @ The Red
Room

10

Chang Ching-Yue, Free
@ the Commodore

11

The Flies & Mesa Luna (All
Ages)

17

The Mills @ Richard's On
Richards

18

Billy Talent (beh), Death From
Above 1979, Mellic @ Co-
creation Cultural Centre

24

Lamb of God @ Commodore

25

Hayden with the BK Lake
Serenades, and Cuff the Duke
@ The Vogue Theatre

26

Dandi Wind @ The
Cellar

31

Anberlin, Noise Ratchel,
Number One Fun, Mourning
Sickness @ Mesa Luna
(All Ages)
The Circus, Right mountain top,
Bard @ The Bickyard

1

The Cinch, New Years
Resolution @ Pat's Pub
The Excessives, MONEYSHOT,
Sulfuro @ Pub 340

2

Black Rice, Roboteaux,
Raging Barras @ The
Lamp-lighter

The Dittobombs, The Pony,
The Starline Desperation @
Richard's On Richards

8

The Evaporation, The Cinch,
The Penguins @ UBC Sub Party
Room, Slagor, bar with ID
Tom Waits @ The Opheum
Theatre (All Ages)

15

Redcat Records Night @
Railway Club

16

Billy Talent, Mellic, Death
From Above 1979 @ The
Commodore Ballroom

22

Interpat, The Secret Machines
@ The Commodore Ballroom

23

Zuckuss @ The Bickyard

29

PJ Harvey, Knife and Fork @
The Vogue Theatre

30

{ New Forms Festival: 14th - 28th

14

Garaj Mahal @ Richard's

13

Telepathic Butterflies, the
Nerts, Pleasure Surf @ railway
Club

12

Electric Frankenstein, The Nasty
On, Red Hot Lovers @ The
Bickyard
The Redcat, Satellite of June
(Montreal) @ The Pic Pub

Solex, on Art Library, Worm's
Green @ The Bickyard

Bright Eyes, Jim James, M.
Ward @ The Commodore
Ballroom

The Mills @ Richard's On
Richards

The Flies & Mesa Luna (All
Ages)

Billy Talent (beh), Death From
Above 1979, Mellic @ Co-
creation Cultural Centre

Dandi Wind @ The
Cellar

21

20

19

18

17

Billy Talent (beh), Death From
Above 1979, Mellic @ Co-
creation Cultural Centre

Dandi Wind @ The
Cellar

Spearthead, Xavier Rudd @
Richards
Way Out West, Supreme Be-
ings of Leisure @ Commodore

Spearthead, Xavier Rudd @
Richards

Hayden with the BK Lake
Serenades, and Cuff the Duke
@ The Vogue Theatre

Lamb of God @ Commodore

Billy Talent (beh), Death From
Above 1979, Mellic @ Co-
creation Cultural Centre

Dandi Wind @ The
Cellar

Dandi Wind @ The
Cellar

New Forms Festival: 14th - 28th

28

27

26

25

24

Billy Talent (beh), Death From
Above 1979, Mellic @ Co-
creation Cultural Centre

Dandi Wind @ The
Cellar

Aurel Schmidt is a local Artist and Designer.
This month's calendar features a drawing
from her show at the Anti Social Gallery this
November.

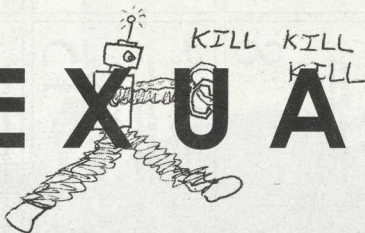
SHINDIG
@
THE RAILWAY

SHINDIG
@
THE RAILWAY



EROTOBOTS: ROBOSEXUALS

BY BEN LAI



You know, just a few days ago I moved cubicles at work, and it was a big deal for me. My desk is bigger now and my space is cleaner, but by far the greatest benefit from the relocation is now I'm at a spot where I can crank up my music during work hours. And what I've been looping over and over in my CD-ROM drive is *Mistakes Enough for Everyone*, the latest CD from Vancouver's *Robosexuals*. It's quite a delightful little treat. And apparently I'm not alone in thinking this way—the album was number one on the CTR charts last week.

The *Robosexuals* will be having a dual CD release party with *Black Rice* at the Lamplighter on October 8. I spent one Saturday afternoon chatting to Shawn Britow (vocals/bass/guitar) and Shane Phillipson (vocals/guitar/bass/keyboard) about the show, among other things. Mark Karpinski (drums) was out of town and couldn't join us.

Let's start by talking about the history of the band. One of you was in *Closed Caption Radio* and one was in *Unclean Wiener*.

Shane: Yeah, I used to play in *Closed Caption Radio* for a few years. When that disbanded I moved to Seattle for about a year, just hung out. And then I started playing with Shawn long distance. We were going to move to Seattle and start things up there, but it just was too complicated. So I moved up here.

Shawn: Yeah, both of our bands broke up at the same time so we started playing with a drum machine and wrote songs. We have a little practice space, about the size of this table. So whenever Shane was up for a weekend or something, we got together and jammed. Then finally we got a show and decided we were going to be an actual band, with a drum machine. We did that for about a year, playing two-piece with a drum machine.

Shane: Long distance, kind of in Seattle.

Shawn: Yeah, we played shows down there, we played shows up here. And eventually we got a drummer, and we started writing more songs. I used to play in an improv unit so it was interesting to switch over and start writing songs. Playing the same thing over and over again, that's kind of interesting.

Do you consider yourself a new band? Or are there still parts of your *Closed Caption Radio*, with you?

Shane: No. Well, I was one of the songwriters of *Closed Caption Radio* and haven't totally changed my songwriting style, but it's pretty different. We did start with *Closed Caption Radio*'s drummer, Joe, but things didn't quite work out.

Shawn: Some of the early songs definitely had a *Closed Caption Radio* sound to it I thought. But I think we kind of got that out of our system [Laughs]

I noticed that the back of your new CD has some artwork of mechanical fishes. I remember those from some really nice gig posters you were selling at Pat's Pub.

Shane: Yeah, it's just this thing that we decided that we wanted

to do. Whenever we put a show together, we want to print some silk screen posters and sell them for a reasonable price at the show. Just to pay for the cost of doing them.

It was very successful. How many did you sell?

Shane: I think we sold thirteen at the show, that's pretty good. I was kind of hesitant at first because we did them on cardstock and you can't really roll them up. People are drinking all night; do they really want to take a huge poster home? In the end we thought maybe a couple will, so we did it anyways. The response has been awesome. People are starting to know us for just having really awesome posters.

Shawn: It's something different than T-shirts. We tried T-shirts and gave them all away.

Is there going to be a poster for the CD release party?

Shane: Yes. Actually my girlfriend Katie who's done all of our posters and artwork is working on a poster right now. I think it's going to be pretty cool. We'll silk screen some of those, and it's going to be our first three colour poster.

Shawn: There are a lot of cool graphic designers in town doing posters and stuff for gigs. It's nice to see that. I went to Toronto and they have the most boring gig posters I've ever seen.

Shane: All font no action.

Shawn: Our city should be proud of our posters.

Shane: The whole poster thing is on a rise. Silk screened posters weren't really around for a while, and now it's sort of making a resurgence. It's huge in Seattle. People want to buy art of a band that they like—it just makes sense. If you can buy a poster for like ten or five bucks, and it's a show that you saw, it's pretty awesome.

Some people say that you are the most underrated band right now in Vancouver, and you haven't had any major press.

Shawn: No, not at all.

Any idea why?

Shane: I don't know. We play shows and everybody gets reviewed except for us.

Shane: It's just a timing thing. It comes around. We've played some good shows and have just been missed.

Shawn: And we haven't really worked all that hard to get any press. We are pretty lazy when it comes to that.

Shane: For me personally, being out of the music game for a while, you kind of lose all your contacts. You don't really know who to talk to anymore. But it's slowly coming around as we're together longer.

Shawn: It helps to have a CD now. Something to promote.

Shane: Also it really helps having a CD because before the show I can listen to the songs and go "Ok, I know exactly what we are doing." [Laughs] Our first show we did with the Dirmitts we didn't really have a set at all.

Shawn: We did the set in two weeks.

Shane: We had a couple of songs but most of it was a lot of jamming. It's been like that for a long time, kind of not knowing what we were doing, format's always changing because either we were using a drum machine or a new drummer or trying to something with both. It's nice to have some songs that we know how to play. It's a bit of a no-brainer.

Do both of you come up with the songs? Is it a pretty mixed writing process?

Shane: Yeah, me and Shawn pretty much write the songs completely together.

Shawn: We just hash it out until it falls into place with the changes. A song will take different forms from when we first write it to when we record it. On this album all the songs are pretty different from when we first started playing them. So it's just a constant process for us.

Shane: There is nobody that comes in and says, "Ok, I got a verse. This is how it goes." It's more like, "I have an idea for a song, what's going to work for a chorus."

We have to talk about the name of the band, the *Robosexuals*.

Shane: The name was really relevant when we first started out, because it was me and Shawn, and we had a drum machine. Based on the drum machine it was sort of this robotic thing. But we also wanted to be slightly organic. I don't really know how we came up with the name.

Shawn: You had some back about robot cyber stuff. I can't remember what it was.

The most popular reference to *robosexuals* is probably by *Bender* from *Futurama*.

Shane: Yeah, it's funny that it's all over the web.

Shawn: What is it again? "I hope people don't think we're *robosexuals*"

Yeah, something like that.

Shane: But I just don't understand how there can be so many webpages that have that quote. There's like hundreds.

Shawn: They are all different too. Some misquoted or taken in a different context.

Shane: And there are a couple militant organizations that mention *robosexuals* as part of the evil that's out there. You know, humans getting together with robots as our society moves towards a more automated world.

Shawn: Well, we're here to topple that. [Laughs] **D**

5 BLANK PAGES

BY MATTHEW GRUMAN



"I've always wondered about Robert Smith's wife and how she puts up with his songs. It's been like 25 years!" — N. Hilmi

Noyan Hilmi is the lead singer/songwriter for Brampton, Ontario's Five Blank Pages. He writes delightful pop-rock songs, many of which concern past relationships with former girlfriends. And his boss is his girlfriend, Pinar Ozyetis. Ever heard the old adage "Don't shit where you eat"? Noyan? "I have heard of it, and I'm still trying to understand it completely," he says. "There are definite risks with being in a band with your girlfriend, but we have mostly seen the positive things that come out of it."

The obvious closeness between Noyan and Pinar reflects itself wonderfully in their music. Rounded out by Noyan's sister, Chelen Hilmi on drums, Five Blank Pages have a cohesive, familiar sound that stands out in the booming indie-rock scene. While he jokes that the band's "beat-sized meltdown" is just around the corner, the group shows no signs of slowing down any time soon. Their first EP, *Spaces to Occupy* and *Abandon* was released recently through Sonic Union Distribution, and they are poised to start making more than a blip on the radar.

Writing songs at 16 while teaching himself to play the guitar, he was heavily influenced by the likes of Hayden and Elliot Smith: "The first song I wrote was called 'This One Place', about

the solitude of my room," he laughs. "Exciting stuff." Over the years, he continued writing songs, eventually performing solo material under the moniker *noyz*, with a revolving cast of band members. The ball started rolling when, through a mutual friend, Noyan was introduced to Noah Mintz (HHead, Noah's Archweld). Mintz later went on to master the first and only *noyz* record, *Let Go*. The 13 track, lo-fi release is described in their bio as a varied collection of sounds and sensibilities; at once introspective, melodic, and infectious in its combination of garage distortion, hook-laden guitar-pop, and folk sensibility. The album, sold at shows and through the old *noyz* website started getting the singer/songwriter some attention.

As more shows were played as *noyz*, and more songs were recorded with what was becoming a permanent lineup, it became time for a name change. Now less of a solo project, and more of a band, the name started losing its original relevancy. "When I first came up with *noyz*, I guess my goal was to have an acoustic song-writer presence. I think my songwriting and arrangements slowly grew out of that. I also started disliking the name [it was a nickname of mine] and its confusion with people thinking that I was in a metal band," Noyan laughs.

This 6-song EP is a fantastically accurate sampling of the band's sound. From track one, the instrumental "Lacewood", to the closing track from which they've derived their name,

it is full of hooks, full of catchy choruses and full of heartfelt lyrics. Standout track "Richie T." is a song of unrequited love containing the haunting a cappella line: "I'm going to kill myself... tomorrow...tomorrow...tomorrow."

"Richie" is a character that I didn't create, but observed" explains Noyan. "I was on a long drive and wrote the song in my head. The lyrics are basically Richie's thoughts swirling around his head, like a blender. He's basically a guy who figures out that his longing is a disease, and he'd rather rid himself of the sickness, no matter what." After this confession, the song moves from an initially slow, melodic feel into a crescendo of distorted guitars and heavy drums. This sudden emotional change is characteristic for more than one song.

"I guess they are part of who we are and our sound. The lyrics and music are a mix of emotions; sometimes the changes just seem natural in the progression of the song I've written. I'm a huge fan of a range of music. I think I like to incorporate what I see fits from my influences. A song may start out "Hayden-esque" and then end up having a touch of Tool in it."

As a band of the modern age, Five Blank Pages have embraced technology as a promotional tool. From the first *noyz* album, available in full through newmusiccanada.com, to promoting full-length samples of new material through their own website (fiveblankpages.com),

Noyan's a fan of digital media. "We get emails from time to time saying that people have downloaded a song or heard it and are saying nice things about it. Makes us feel warm and fuzzy." Emphasizing its importance to independent artists, he adds, "I have discovered and therefore began supporting many independent acts because of mp3 as a tool."

"I'm not a big fan of keeping secrets when it comes to people you love" said Noyan near the beginning of our talk. It's this simple philosophy that seems to permeate the sound that has developed with Five Blank Pages. It's this honesty, found in both the lyrics and musical arrangements, that is setting them apart from being just another indie-rock band on the scene. "It's definitely an interesting experience being in the band with people who are already so close to you." is the humble description of a group who's future should prove to be more than just interesting. **D**

Waging war on banality one Single at a time

GUERRILLA POP

BY ROSS SMITH



In Denys Arcand's film *Decline of the American Empire*, one character describes getting a hand job while discussing the millennium with his masseur. This, he pinpoints, was the moment he knew he was in love. This is a remarkably apt metaphor for my love of a great pop song. Not just good, great. Good you can dance to. Great sends shivers down from your spine through your fingertips. It makes you cock an eyebrow and say, "Damn." It shows up on the mix CD's you give to the girl you're trying to impress. Great will not necessarily get played at your wedding, but will help you through your divorce. And the point extrapolated from a near twenty-year-old movie is that it's the perfect combination of sex, emotion and intellect that will ever have me devoted to and championing pop music, that hooker with the heart of gold.

"Pop music" is a big fat vague term that means entirely different things to different people. Sadly, for most folks these days, the term conjures up Britney, Justin, and Celine, just as I'm sure it once conjured Pat Boone, David Cassidy, and Right Said Fred. For me, however, it's about an art and a craft by poets and musicians who know that catchy tunes aren't any less humbly for having insightful, revelatory or provocative lyrics, but in fact are often better for it. They know that sometime, somewhere, someone is waking up hung over from last night's party, with the stereo still on "shuffle" re-playing the song they were rocking out to mere hours before and having some turn of phrase or guitar lick assert itself upon them, as if for the first time, like a double-double chasing the Beefeater out of their system. These artists are innumerable, but for the sake of context, a few of them I might include could be Bob Dylan, Cat Stevens, Prince, U2, Johnny Cash, Public Enemy, Nirvana... a very obvious and mainstream list I grant you, but it's important to realize that these artists all have had a huge impact on many people, without ever having compromised their work. It seems to me that in the current pop climate, artists with both gravity and a knack for sexy hooks are almost entirely relegated to the sidelines of college radio and critical darlingdom. There are a few exceptions that seem to sneak through: to be au courant I'll mention Franz Ferdinand and Kanye West, but it's still too early in their courtship with the fickle public to know if they'll stick around.

So why the vacuum? Blame the consolidation of media outlets, record companies who favour the quick money made off singles over

long-term artist development, and maybe even listeners who don't want to hear anything that resembles their parent's music. The Why's are perhaps best left to economists and cultural studies majors, but I can saunter out to the other end of the street with a couple of solid Why Not's. It's not because the artists aren't out there, and it's certainly not because the world we live in doesn't provide enough fuel for an Iraqi oilfield sized fire. Goddamnit, people, we have amongst us some of the finest songsmiths the world has ever known, and political tumult up the asshole every day.

So who's gonna do it? Who's gonna whup the stale status quo and bring some life and credibility back to the three-and-a-half minute pop sucker punch? Any songwriter worth his salt reading this should be saying, "Me". But until that day arrives, maybe we can deal a few blows with the help of Steve Earle and Morrissey.

"Strange Bedfellows" is the phrase I think you're looking for. Yes, Steve Earle and Morrissey, who have little in common, except that each is a man of distinct vision, and they're both consistently very good at what they do. Both released new albums in 2004: in August, Mr. Earle offered us his most boisterous and impassioned album yet, *The Revolution Starts Now*, and in May, the reliably miserable Mr. Morrissey swaggered back to action with the rapier-sharp *You Are the Quarry*. Worlds apart stylistically, yet not as disparate as you may assume, both of these artists know and respect their audience, and are established enough that a good swing at the floppy mainstream could actually yield some new fans and mobilize normally passive listeners into full-on flag wavers for their respective causes.

Steve Earle is someone that has always made my top-five list for "guys you'd feel best about having on your side in a bar fight." Like Merle Haggard or Glen Danzig, you know that Steve's not gonna fuck around, and indeed, when he sets his musical sights on you, he's

leaping straight for your jugular with brass knuckles and a broken Sam Adams bottle. So if I were George W. Bush, I'd be pissing in my pants right about now. The dude opens his record with an incitement to revolution, so you know you're off to a good start, and the rest of the album follows suit. Every track is somehow related to all post 9/11 American governmental policy, which if I had to guess, Steve's a little bothered by. He's never been shy about his self-described "pinko-ism," therefore in the face of the most abhorrent US administration since... the last one; his strength and clarity of purpose should come as no surprise.

The impressive thing about his writing though, is that he never takes the obvious slant. Jokes about brawling aside, Steve Earle's greatest weapons are his poetry, his compassion and his sense of humor. Combined with some nasty, snarling guitars and a never-failing sense of melody, this is sonic pamphleteering at it's finest. After we've shaken our fists and booties to "The Revolution Starts Now", track two, "Home To Houston" checks in with a soldier whose gung-ho has been quickly replaced with a prayer for survival in the field of battle. "If I ever get home to Houston alive, then I won't drive a truck anymore," he promises. Perfectly followed by "Rich Man's War" that reminds us that no matter what God and country bullsh! leaders trumpet, war is just as much a domestic issue as a foreign one, spilling the blood of a nation's poor, for whom military service is one of their best, if most Faustian bargains. Join the army, get a

degree, see the world, and shoot some people you've never met. "A stack of overdue bills and off to save the world/Been a year now and he's still there/Chasin' ghosts in the thin dry air", mirrored by his foe, who "...answered when he got the call/Wrapped himself in death and praised Allah/A fat man in a new Mercedes drove him to the door/Just another poor boy off to fight a rich man's war."

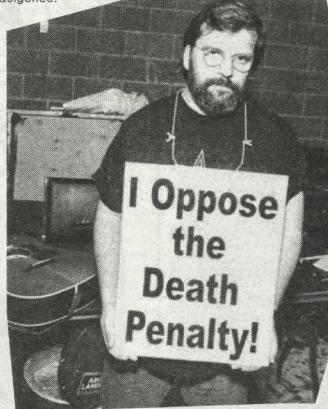
Each song is unfailingly persuasive and moving, filled with urgency and eloquence. "Warrior" is an eerie, churning spoken word piece about the tarnished mythology of bravery. "Condi, Condi" is a hilarious calypso love song for the Ms. Thang lurking within Condoleezza Rice, and "F the CC" is a rather direct bonjour to the FCC. (Fish in a barrel there I suppose, but it's raucous fun.) Earle seems determined not to let the Bush gang off the hook for their inhumanity or any fellow American off the hook for ignorance or blind patriotism. If you love your country, he challenges, prove it with love and concern for your friends and family and some actual participation in your democracy. He is a romantic, seeking out the true heart of his nation, appealing to their capacity for building instead of destroying.

Morrissey's "You are the Quarry" is not as focused on a specific political agenda, but it is his blend of the deeply personal with the political that makes it feel whole. He writes of politics in the way that any intelligent, reasonable person who casts an eye to the world around them says to themselves. "Why are things so fucked up out there?" He knows the intrinsic link between self-loathing and the need to lash out that can make people not just sad but cruel, and how unfortunately attractive that is to most of us. He's been refining this thematic combination from day one with The Smiths, and all his subsequent solo work. Ugly/sexy, weak/strong, want/need—don't think Morrissey would ever want to write of the heads without the tails. He seems the perfect vessel for these kinds of songs. A Brit living in LA, a famous recluse, ambiguously gay, the man knows dialectics.

Now, for having said he's not that political, he does open up his album telling America how much he loves them, but also where they can shove their hamburger. "And don't you wonder, why in Estonia they say, 'hey you, you big fat pig...' He then takes a shot at his homeland in "Irish Blood/English Heart". "I've been dreaming of a time when to be English is not to be baneful/to be standing by the flag not feeling shameful, racist or partial." But like Earle, the point here is their knowing how great these families that they're a part of could be, and feeling frustrated by the current state of affairs. He's

surprisingly often more direct than Earle, singing mostly from the first person, with laconic intimacy, so even if he were only portraying a character, you feel that "you really know him". I suspect this plays a large part in his fans' strong devotion.

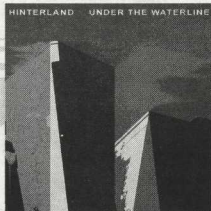
Honestly, I never gave a damn about the Smiths, and was only a casual fan of his solo work until now. Perhaps it's simply the right time and place for his potent heartache. He lays bare desire ("This World is Full Of Crashing Bores"), "Let Me Kiss You" struggles with faith ("I Have Forgiven Jesus") and admiration versus self-loathing ("How Can Anybody Know How I Feel?"), "I Like You", "You Know I Couldn't Last!" which seems to be a long-time favourite indulgence.



Interestingly, in "First Of The Gang To Die", Morrissey essentially gives a shout out to his sizable young, straight, male Latino following (see Chuck Klosterman's "Viva Morrissey" in Da Capo press's Best Music Writing 2003). There, with a dark flourish, he speaks for a violent soul: "You have never been in love until you've seen sunlight thrown over smothered human bones." Perhaps in each other, Morrissey and the gang bangers recognize hurt and struggle, for love, for respect. But most often, I have to say that Morrissey mostly comes off like your quiet, "fancy" uncle who lets loose at a family function when he's had a few too many glasses of wine... bitchy and hilarious. Did I mention that all these songs are also catchy as fuck? You should see me at work, dancing around singing, "You fat pig, you fat pig..."

I sing (and dance) the praises of these two men because I feel aligned with their ideas and musical sensibilities, and perhaps I'm not the most objective judge. Maybe these albums won't convert the casual listener: it could be that these artists are too old and unmarketable to be fully embraced by the mainstream. Maybe their appeal is too selective and they won't turn the tables on the tacky shit that reigns in iPodville. But I remain optimistic. Politically, more and more people feel disenfranchised by their institutions, unsettled by witnessing how the world can steamroll right on over them (or someone really no different from them, continents away) and no matter where you live, that ain't cool. Socially, it gets harder and harder to connect when so much of our culture encourages hiding away with our toys. Music has always run in cycles from pop to inspirational, but I think we're coming back to a time when shaking it "in da club" just isn't going to cut it. People will want theme songs for their return to humanity, folk songs, slave songs, blues, country, punk, and hip-hop calls to arms. Arm yourself with intelligence and melody; they can carry you a long way. Maybe it won't be Steve Earle or Morrissey. But just like one hippie at Woodstock who may have campaigned to end the Vietnam war, or one Midnight Oil fan who devoted themselves to aboriginal rights, or one Rage Against The Machine fan who boycotted Esso, there will be one person who hears either of these records and decides they can be more than just a call to "Much On Demand". Hell, Green Day just put out an anti-war record, so what does that tell you about where things are headed? Perhaps soon we can all look forward to Justin's new Pete Seeger tribute album, sure to score another three-and-a-half minute victory for the real pop music. **D**

HINTERLAND UNDER THE WATERLINE



"A subtle, shifting wonder, *Under the Waterline* mixes indelible melodies with soothing layers of ambient guitars to create one of the most richly textured records of the year."
— The Georgia Straight

The acclaimed debut album from Hinterland, out now on HybridElectric Records

hybrid electric

www.hybridelectricrecords.com

www.hinterland.bc.ca

FACTOR Canada

We acknowledge the financial support of the Government of Canada through the Canada Music Fund for this project.

IT'S THAT... "FOR THE RECORD" DRINKING GAME!

by Kat Siddle

You know *For The Record*. It's that political conspiracy-themed show broadcast on WPMU and KJJC in the U.S., and on CTR 101.9FM here in Vancouver (alternate Wednesdays time-time). It's hosted by Dave Emory, who we have come to just adore. So much so, that we have created a drinking game in his honor.

Like every good drinking game, this one is simple, but effective. Please note that DISCORDER does not encourage the copious ingestion of alcohol.

1) Procure enough alcohol to get everyone good and

wasted, and then some.

2) Settle down on a rug in front of the radio, just like they did in those dark days before TV and internet porn. Gather your friends and/or family around.

NOTE: this setting is very important. Most people tell me that they listen to CTR in their car, and, as I have learned, playing drinking games while driving is highly illegal. So snuggle into the carpet, because it's unlikely that the floor will suddenly swerve into a tree.

It is also imperative that your friends accompany you during this game. Doing 'the *For The Record* Drinking Game' alone is too sad to

contemplate.

3) Divvy up the words listed below. Make sure everyone gets an equal number of words, or if you're pressed for time, everyone can take all the words.

4) Turn on *For The Record* on CTR 101.9FM, or pipe it in via your computer at www.ctr.ca.

swig.

Take a swig of something light (like beer) every time Dave says one of these words:

"Anti"
"Saudi"
"Bush"
"Start again"
"Program"
"Skipping Down"
"Nazi"

shot.

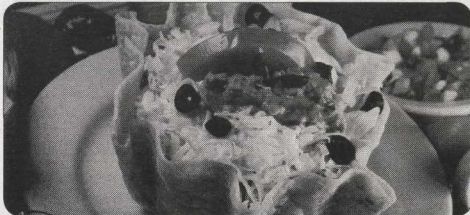
Down a shot every time Dave says one of these words:

"American Nazi Movement"
"Fascist"
"Bin Laden"
"El Yagwa"
"Shadow"

misc.

Each time Dave mentions the name of the book or person he is discussing in the episode (examples include Kenneth Starr, the F.B.I., or The Shadowy Anti-Saudi Fascist Program of the American Nazi Movement), all players must yell "Oh no, not _____ [name of book or person] _____ again!" in a unified monotone.

Naturally, everyone one has to cheer and drink when Dave says "For The Record", his own name, or any email address.



El Yagwa? No, El Taco in El Bowl

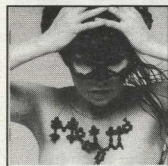
kick around
october 2004
scott malin



after four years, this comic marks the end of *kick around*. to receive future comics/art info email kickaround@hotmail.com. thanks to christa min for initially asking me to do this. and thanks for looking at it.

Under Review

Björk
Medulla



(Universal)

While every one of Björk's albums has been completely unpredictable, the typical music journalist's response has remained consistent. "She's done it this time, she's gone too far, this album is too difficult; she's alienated her fans." It's not surprising that critics react like this: the fact that Björk can release an album composed entirely of human voices, and have it reach top position on charts all over the world is pretty confusing. Does this mean that the average chump on the street isn't as stupid as the major labels seem to think? Basically, Björk's mainstream success indicates that there may be hope for humanity. *Susy Webb*

The Beakars
Four Steps Toward a Cultural Revolution
(K)
Blackouts
History In Reverses
(K)

When I say that I'm a child of the '80s, I mean it. Seriously, I was born in the '80s and I was barely out of the larval stage when they ended. As my tastes have refined, so has my curiosity about music I'm too young to remember. When R records sent us their re-releases of these two albums, I thought it would be a brilliant way to learn more about some obscure, almost forgotten '80s bands, and to move beyond what I do remember about music from the period: rash and cheese, lots of keyboard, and icons like *Morrisey*.

Listening to *The Beakars* was unbearable the first four times. Incoherent and alienating, abrasive and disorienting, with bewildering and bizarre lyrics; it just made no sense to me. I thought it was the most pretentious crap I'd ever heard. I pictured art school drop-outs listening to the CD, eyes closed, occasionally whispering, "perks" to no one in particular. But then I actually did my journalistic duty and read the press sheet. *The Beakars* came out of Olympia, toured the west

coast, and lasted just one year, between 1980-81. Read more about it at <http://www.krcs.com/Press/presssheets/Beakars/KLP163.html>. Anyway, it was enough to make me reconsider and listen again. I'm getting into more art funk punk so I thought I'd surely enjoy it if I gave it more thought. I must totally lack the necessary sophistication, because I still can't listen to it all the way through. But it's a bit more thought-provoking...or simply provoking. Both are the objective of art punk, aren't they?

"The Blackouts were the best Seattle band you never heard of. To those who bought their records and attended their shows, this is no secret. But for the majority who didn't, this exciting anthology—long overdue—thankfully now exists," says K Records. Yes! This, anthology, or legacy rather, is exactly the sound I was hoping for/expecting. It feels good in that familiar '80s way: lots of synth and gloom, just the way I like it.

Listening to the *Blackouts* right after the *Beakers* may not have done the former band any favours: their sense of adventure seems rather pale in comparison. Each song flowed into the next; none really aspired to bend the genre or create a fresh sound. Beyond this, though, it should fit nicely in your CD collection between your *Smiths* and *Joy Division*. Very appropriate for the days you gaze soulfully out the bus window into the ongoing grey of fall.

Pamida Zarinkamar

Frog Eyes

The Folded Palm
(Absolutely Kosher Records)
Finally! For so long *Frog Eyes'* beautiful, dense sound spaced by *Carey Mercer's* howl has drawn me near, but once I arrive I feel lost and confused, wondering if I took a wrong turn somewhere up the road. As a result, I've set them as a strong band lyrically, and in terms of the sounds they create (one halfiterate rock and one half hard-core ghost burlesque house). On *The Folded Palm*, though, there seems to be a newborn pop sensibility that has risen out of the chaos of previous albums but (this is the best part) without compromising that same earlier insanity. Be it the transfigured chip on "Ship Destroyer," or the beautiful, fragile desolation of "Ice on the Trail," *The Folded Palm* is an awesome showcase of some of the best new music coming out of Victoria, or Canada for that matter. *Soren Brathers*

Hangar 18

The Multi-Platinum Debut Album
(Def Jam)

A simple analogy for all you indie-rock geeks: *Hangar 18* are well on their way to becoming the *Franz Ferdinand* of underground hip-hop. Quality composition and smooth production create a sound you can't help but dance to. You also can't help but feel slightly guilty about this pleasure afterwards. Hopefully that sounds like I'm recommending this disc. Because I am.

The Multi-Platinum Debut Album could be just that if the mainstream rap world was slightly less stupid. Singles "Where We At" and "Go Git That" wouldn't sound out of place on the Beat, Vancouver's "disappointing" hip-hop radio station. The Hangar songs would be the rare ones that you turn up amidst the *Beyoncé* and *Eminem*, due largely to simple, infectious beats from producer *POWL*, whose past work includes collaborations with the great (and hot!) *Mr. U.I.*, Harlem cuties *Cannibal Ox*, and *The Presence*.

MC's *Windbreeze* and *Alaska* have complementary deliveries: both possess tight vocal styles heavy on the enunciation, lame white girl through and through. I still can't understand most of what they're saying, but what I can make out sounds pretty damn good, ranging from commentary on the post-9/11 life to recurring jokes about donkeys.

This album is definitely a manifestation of the Def Jam label's move towards the mainstream, which will bring some outcry from long-term underground fans. But I say, *SPFW*! If this is Def Jax's idea of mainstream, then bring it on. It will be a happy day when any one of us hears this on the radio. *Susy Webb*

Mephis

I Dreamed We Fell Apart
(Paper Bag)
Let's skip right to the chase: yes, *Mephis* is a side project of *Torquil Campbell* of *Stars*, and yet, most of the songs are about love and relationships, but this record is not as immediate and hook-laden as the last *Stars* record, the excellent *Heart*. That said, *I Dreamed We Fell Apart* is a good record that will work perfectly on a rainy Sunday afternoon, or for a late summer drive at sunset. The melodies will reveal themselves in time, but until then, *Torq's* floaty vocals combined with *Chris Dumont's* subtle electronic

flourishes and acoustic guitar do more than enough to set the right mood. Granted, there are some instrumental tracks that come off as slightly noodling. But don't go away thinking the record doesn't have its share of high points: "3:15 on the Last Day of School," with its relaxed slide guitar, and slowly unwinding, gorgeous melody, will seep in under your skin. "Nada" is another highlight, using jazzy snare-brushing and

sax fills, ethereal guitar effects, and *Torq* almost whispering the vocals into your ear, to very soothing effect. And throw in a competent *Fel Shop Boys* cover to boot. What's not to like? As stated earlier, don't listen to this record expecting the next *Stars* album, although fans of *Torq's* voice will definitely enjoy *Mephis*. Do, however, expect a solid record with some strong moments that outweigh

the misses. *Robert Feldman*

RTX
Transmanicón
(Drag City)

Neal Michael Hagerly isn't on this one, so it's not as quite as good, and a little too heavy on the "Vocoder." That said, if you're seeking for the right album to play while freebasing crack

Continued on the next page..

RUMBLETONE PRODUCTIONS

RATTLE SHAKE!

The RAILWAY Club

WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 13
FROM WINNIPEG, MANITOBA
TEL: 948-1111
TELEPATHIC BUTTERFLIES
THE NEVINS PLEASURE SUIT

FRIDAY OCTOBER 15
Sweet Sounds Recording Artist
THE BEATWARRIORS
CD RELEASE PARTY! FREE!
GLOTT BERNIER
THE RADIO
Showtime 10pm

SATURDAY OCTOBER 16
Houston Electric Recording Artist
HERALD NIX
FROM HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA
OLD MAN LUEDECKE
Showtime 10pm

MONDAY OCTOBER 18
Houston Electric Recording Artist
RED CAT
SONGWRITERS IN THE ROUND

YOUNG & SEXY, CHET, AND SPECIAL GUESTS
FRIDAY OCT. 29
ANZA Club

Groovie Ghoulies
Jackass
The Beladans
Ladies Night
Saturday OCT 23rd
at the WALDORF

The IRONWORKS

FRIDAY OCTOBER 15
Sweet Sounds Recording Artist
HERALD NIX
LINDA MACRAE
AND THE CHEERFUL LONESOME
RODNEY DUBROO
CD RELEASE PARTY!
EARLY START 9pm!

SATURDAY OCTOBER 16
Sweet Sounds Recording Artist
FLORADO'S
CD RELEASE PARTY!
Most Recording Artists
THE GLAY
AMY HONEY
EARLY START 9pm!

The MAIN

SUNDAY OCTOBER 17
Uptown WRAP PARTY
RONNIE ARTUR
AND HIS ORKESTRA
THE REVENGE OF COAL
EARLY START 9pm!

WAY OUT WEDNESDAYS!
WED OCT. 20
IMMACULATE MACHINE
(VICTORIA)
HANK PINE & LILY FAWN
THE NERVOUS BREAKDOWNS
(AMY, ANDREW & BUTCH)
THE WINKS

MONSTER MASH!
GARED TO GO-GO
FEATURING THE PRINCE & THE NEW POWER GENERATION
THE FIENDS
ROCK FOUR
RAISED BY WOLVES
THE INVADERS
IN THE TWENTY-TWENTY LOUNGE
THE COLORIFICS
IN THE MEANWHEIM HALLWAY
DIE TRICE, DAVE & JANTHIA ALLAN
SATURDAY OCT. 30th
THE FABULOUS
WALDORF HOTEL
1400 EAST HASTINGS

INFO: 604 878 6060 - RUMBLETONE.COM
PONCHO'S ROCKIN' TACOS

...Continued from the last page
and driving off a cliff, you're in luck. Also get it if you have a (totally understandable) crush on **Jennifer Herrema**. It would be good to listen to while fucking your cat or filling on entire sketchbook with ghoulish clowns. But only if you're into power chords—if not, don't even bother.
Susy Webb

Sarah Slean Day One

WEA
Day One follows Sarah Slean's fabulous major label debut, *Nightbugs* (2002), a selection of sweeping cabaret pop that far surpassed her handful of indie releases. This album isn't *Nightbugs II*, though I wouldn't have minded if it was, and it's not the bid for commercial radio play that I feared it might be. Instead, this album sees Toronto's darling wait take on new musical territory, albeit with mixed results. The instrumentation is the chief difference, with abundant guitars and programmed beats. Slean's beloved piano takes a back seat to keyboards that occasionally stray into elevator music (as in the truly horrific "Mary" and the not-so-bad title track). The vocal are as strong as ever, though, and Sarah's lyrics have stayed true to her capital R-Romantic sensibilities. It's the slower songs, like live favourite "California" and the Sarah Harmer-esque "Wake Up" that are the winners, though they, like the rest of Day One, suffer from overly-glossy production.

This album's strange musical mixture may be more original than that of past works, but, as shown by "Mary" and the hidden track, originality is a risky business.
Kat Sidde

Stars

Set Yourself on Fire (Arts and Crafts)

There is a sound that makes me feel at home, very warm and very content. That sound comes from the female member of the stunning indie-pop group **Stars**, whose 2003 release *Heart* met with well-deserved critical praise and contained one utterly song, "Look Up." Maybe you can have a crush on someone's voice, and if so, I have a huge crush on **Amy Milán**. This crush isn't the sole reason for my love of Stars; their music is beautiful too. Lush pianos, atmospheric hooks, and emotionally cut strings together give a feeling of perfect decadence. *Set Yourself on Fire* is rich with sound, but isn't over-produced, showing that these guys desired to share a stage with labelmates and close friends **Broken Social Scene**. Songs like "Your Ex-lover is Dead", the first track on the album, immediately swells with strings as it moves back and forth from Evan and

Amy fill their vocals coolest in harmony. Perhaps if there was one complaint regarding *Set Yourself on Fire* is that Amy doesn't sing as much as she did on *Heart*. Some might not see this as a problem, but it breaks my heart a little (tear).
Chris Walters

Various

Song of the Silent Land (Constellation)

This review will assume that you have heard the music of Constellation powerhouses **Godspeed You Black Emperor!** and **Do Make Say Think**. The hype machine has already said plenty about them. If you haven't listened to them, please do yourself a huge favour and do so.

Song of the Silent Land collects songs from the entire roster of Montréal's Constellation label. It serves as a good sampler of what this label has to offer besides the aforementioned bands. And as phenomenal as GYBE and DST are, this compilation does more often than not, show that there is good reason to delve deeper. Some of the highlights for this reviewer were:

Hangedup. "(Re)view from the Ground", and "Slippage". Driving, industrial metal machine music that can evoke the feelings of the need to escape the daily grind, or of playing on the construction site, respectively.

Black Ox Orchestra. "Toyte Goyes In Shirelin" based on a WWII-era Yiddish poem, and sung entirely in that language. Dreary and raw, yes, but also highly evocative and more than a simple exercise in tradition.

Polmo Polpo. "Dreaming (...Again)" great slide guitar work that acts in nice contrast to the not-quite-as-organic backing sounds and subtly propulsive beat.

There are a couple of duds here, like the dragging, mopey "String of Lights", by **Solo**, or "Fair Warning", by **1-Speed Bike**, which starts off promising, but doesn't really go anywhere, becoming a series of repetitive sounds and beats, with a voice asking, "Capitol? Capitol? Capitol?", which reminds me of my dad scolding me as a kid. But as a whole, *Song of the Silent Land* is an excellent introduction to the bands signed with this seven year old Canadian label.
Robert Ferdinand

Various Artists

Golden State Soundtrack (Epic)

This album is one of the best soundtracks I've heard in quite awhile. A blend of sexy trip-hop, romantic singer-songwriters, and familiar favourites like **The Shins** and **Coldplay** allows you to see how the music added so much to **Zach Braff**'s directorial debut. He picked all the music himself, too. Impressive guy. The

highlights of the album include **The Shins**' "New Slang", **Iron & Wine**'s cover of **The Postal Service**'s "Such Great Heights" and **Frau Frou**'s "Let Go". A tribute track to "The Graduate" is included in the soundtrack. You know the **Simon & Garfunkel** one... because they did the soundtrack to *The Graduate*. Looks like Zach Braff is well aware of the similarities between the two dissatisfied main characters of those movies. With a soundtrack like this it's easy to imagine why your friends keep telling you to see this film. If they haven't, they just have bad taste.
Jordie Smith

The Sernon

Volume (Alternative Tentacles)

For a label that's given us everything from the post-rock lunacy of **Alice Donut**, to the Brazilian punk rock of **Ratos De Porao**, to our very own clown princes of garage pop **The Evaporators**, you can't blame AT for not being musically diverse. Add to this roster **The Sernon**, five San Franciscans (well, two of 'em used to be from Tucson, AZ and a band called **The Fells** who had some releases on Estrus that are worth checkin' out), who blaze a trail of '60's European freakbeat-influenced stuff like **The Outsiders** or maybe **The Mooney Suzuki** before they started smokin' more weed and dressing like extras from **That Seventies Show**. The guitars sound sharp, the drums beat loud and tough, there's even some harmonica action for those who like a little harp juice with their gin-soaked R'n'B. The overall imagery is dark and somewhat bleak, from their unified fashion choice of black to the cover art of an upside down tree, to the lyrical content of songs like "The Other Side Of The Mirror" and "Miss A." But as the title suggests, The Sernon speaks volumes and delivers the message loud and clear; this is the new rock 'n' roll revolution.
Bryce Dunn

These Arms Are Snakes

Cremers, or The Lion Sleep When Its Antelope Go Home (Jade Tree)

Rising out of the ashes of popular Seattle scene bands **Botch** and **Kill Sadie**, **These Arms Are Snakes** have destroyed all of what you thought of those bands, to create a sonic mess of broken screams and instrumental experimentation. Perhaps you will shy away because this isn't **The Promise Ring**, and that's ok, because in all honesty TAAAS would destroy them, and create a violent dance party that the whole crowd's invited to. A band who isn't afraid to change the face of hardcore music, allowing themselves to experiment with sonic landscapes as well as tear the vocal cords and ear drums of all those in the like.

WESTERN FRONT NEW MUSIC PRESENTS



SOUND DESIGN LIVING CINEMA

With New Forms Festival

Thursday, October 14, 7pm \$12/\$10

Bob Ostertag unflinching political sampled sound
Pierre Hébert scratch animation pioneer

"Listening becomes cultural time travel at warp speed"

also Mark Brady & Igor Santizo, Stefan Smulovitz, Coat
Cooke, Odette LeBlanc Trio, Steve Gibson

DOUBLE HEADER HALLOWEEN

Bossa Noir and LaConnor

Saturday, October 30, 8 pm \$12/10

Kevin House, Tony Wilson
François Houle, Jesse Zubot, Jean Martin
machine guns and theremins and electronics

WESTERN FRONT
303 EAST 8TH AVENUE
WWW.FRONT.BC.CA
WWW.NEWFORMSFESTIVAL.COM
ADVANCE SALES:
604-876-9343



Real Live Action

Burnshoof Festival
September 3-6
Seattle Centre

Highlights:

Friday (3rd): **Death Cab for Cutie's** Ben Gibbard announcing, "I can't remember the last time we had anything resembling a mosh pit!" in reaction to playing the main, huge, outdoor festival stage. **Saturday (4th):** **Nancy Sinatra** Unfortunately I missed her first song, undoubtedly a slower version of "Bang Bang", but Bono's "2 Shots of Happy, 1 Shot of Sad" came out gorgeously. During "Good Time Girl" she showed clips of her film career, including scenes that matched her lyrics "Mamma's Boy" (written by **Thurston Moore**). Come off pretty rad and **Sonic Youth**ish, and it was great to hear her James Bond song, "You Only Live Twice"! Eek! Everyone in the sit-down theatre was dancing when she walked into the crowd despite her bad knee to strut it up for "These Boots Are Made For Walking". An amazing solid set, and she tossed out coin purses! I can't rave enough. Maybe I'm just a sucker for nostalgia. Or for people who can have a music career for 40 years. **Pedro the Lion:** David Bazan announced that in three weeks his wife will have their first child—I guess he must be a father by now! David asked for questions after almost every song—he seemed more anxious than normal. The closing song, "Criticism as Inspiration", was especially haunting and kind of depressing. **Robyn Hitchcock** played an acoustic show. I loved his warm but kind of raspy voice and the song "My Wife and My Dead Wife." This guy really is a nut ball! Later in the set, he was joined on stage by Sean Nelson of **Harvey Danger** and Scott McCaughey of the **Young Fresh Fellows**. **Sunday (6th):** **Krist Novoselic** talked about his book, *Of Grunge and Government: Let's Fix This Broken Democracy* and he actually seemed to know what he was talking about. The highlight came during the Q&A, when someone asked, "Why didn't you run [for presidency]?" and he replied, "I'm gonna run out of here. I wanted to be a celebrated author and I wanted to get my garden in." He even bragged about the size of his apples. **These Arms Are Snakes** made me want to start listening to the **Jesus Lizard**. **Ben Kweller** was endearing as ever but what made this show stand out from the other times I've seen him was the girl in the pit who grabbed me, accused me of punching her in the head, and started clawing and punching at me. It was a total cat fight.

Monday (4th): saw **Public Enemy**, 'cause I never expected to see them ever. Plus I was wearing a "Public Enemy" shirt. **The Fitness** announced, "We're Jazzerize. We're from Kirkland." Unfortunately the sound was lost in the hall but I still love good songs! This was also my first time in the EMP Skychurch, an amazing venue with excellent sound. As for **Sam Roberts**, I only saw two songs but I thought he looked like Jesus. I like that he sings so that the veins pop out of his neck. I love intensity. **The Prides**: I wasn't ever going to pay to see them because they broke up ten years ago. I got over it because I didn't listen to them when they existed—I got into them later like a poser. But it was really cool to hear the faves like "Cactus", "Gouge Away" and "Hey" played live. They played for an hour and a half and made more for a great end of the festival. All in all, Burnshoof was amazing (and I haven't even described the roasted corn on the cob, the mango and "zine workshops" or the gig poster displays). I could not believe the wealth of venues in Seattle Centre. It was heaven. And in heaven, everything is fine.

Natalie Vermeer

Crooked Fingers
Sparrow
September 10
Media Club

Dear Fan,

I know you. I used to be like you. I know it's hard when no one can relate to the pedantic bullshit that spews out of your gaping maw most of the time so THANK CHRIST there's music that you can sing along to. THANK CHRIST once in a while one of the people who plays that music you so lovingly love comes to town so you can LET THEM KNOW HOW MUCH YOU LOVE THEM. I know how hard it is when the artist in question doesn't play EVERY SONG YOU WANT TO HEAR IN THE EXACT ORDER IN WHICH YOU WANT TO HEAR THEM. I've been there myself. I can relate. Y'know what I used to do? What you did: SCREAM at the performer and the audience simultaneously so everyone in the building knows WHAT A BIG FAN YOU ARE. Surely, the performer will love you for it. He MUST love to know that he has such ADORING FANS. Surely, the audience will follow suit. They will say, "Wow, I thought I loved this band, but THIS fan makes me look like a guy who just wants to see a show and actually listen to the music."

I went to the show to see **Crooked Fingers'** Eric Bochman play, and play he did. His pared-down solo performance was raw, soulful, and riveting. The anguished troubadour—one of the great, under-appreciated songwriters of our generation—poured out his heart for a small, rapt audience of devotees. He played gorgeous new material, old favourites, and even a few songs from his former incarnation as frontman of **Archers of Loaf**. It was enough to satisfy any fan. Too bad it wasn't enough to SHUT YOU THE FUCK UP.

Looking forward to the next gig you run for everyone else in attendance.

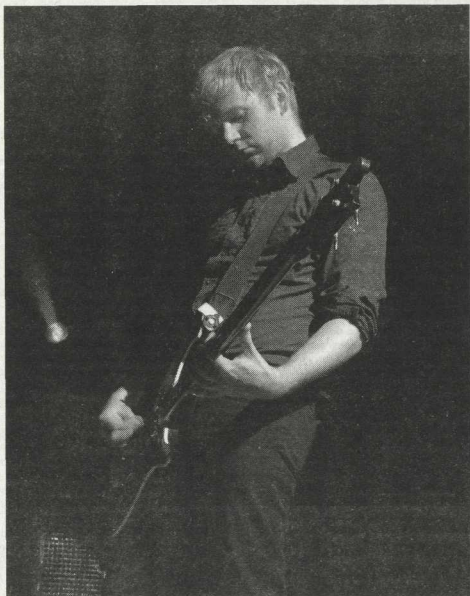
LOVE,

Luke Mead

SHINDIG!: Night One
Speaking of Devils
Automatic Fantasy
Dandi Wind
September 14
Railway Club

It must be said that all 3 bands were decent last night, although all were a little rough in patches. **Speaking of Devils** opened the night with a pseudo-folk set. A trio, whose main selling point was the lyrics and phrasings, they suffered from muddled sound. The band was clearly the lead singer's in every respect, with little to no input coming from his backing musicians. Indeed, when the guitarist goosed up, the singer shot him a mighty angry look. Were I the manager of this band, I'd get rid of the electric guitarist. The keyboards were good for atmosphere & sound-ricness, but the surly electric just seemed to take away from the sound. A simple, soft drum kit might make a better addition to the band, to fill in the gaps, as it were. A radical suggestion might even be for the singer to take it solo for a while - it only to get more comfortable with his own delivery, before adding in others for sound.

Stuck in the middle was **Automatic Fantasy**, an all-gilt rock act. In this band, the backing musicians were the highlight - stellar playing, very light and a clear sound. The singer, who, it must be said, brought terrific energy to her act, was probably the weakest member, shouting the lyrics to the point that they were no longer comprehensible. She did, on the other hand, have a nice touch on the keyboards, which were



Franz Ferdinand played the Commodore last Sunday. Kim Day took this photo of their Bassist.

used sparingly, but to great effect.

Rounding out the night was the evening's winner, **Dandi Wind**, an east-side/German Industrial/Performance Art act. Think **Rammstein** meets **Riviera**, only in a good way. This is an act that will sink or swim entirely on the presence of the singer/dancer, who, I'll admit, was scary intense during the set, thrashing and dancing (small quibble: 'the robot' popped out too often), shouting and singing over a tight, harsh techno beat hammered out nicely by her backing keyboardist (who also provided some surprisingly delicate backing vocals, a nice counter-point).
 Steve Tannock

The Greatest Rock'n Roll Story Ever Told
Sunday 19 September
The Butcher Shop Gallery

I'm a bit stand-offish with arts festivals that are about to have condo developments named after them, but when a little invitation arrived in the post in a hand-written envelope, my analogue buttons were pushed. Besides, I like the Butcher Shop. So I mounted my bike and flew up Main Street, cackling like a witch on a broomstick. Off to the Fringe!

The boys in 80s tribute band, **Rock'n**, put together a charmingly DIY show. Having arranged things themselves with the gallery (that's "Bring Your Own Venue" in Fringe parlance), they proceeded to fog themselves silly by doing 14 performances during the festival's 11 days. Using a slightly soiled sheet as a scrim and carrying a few bits of props on and off. Buddy, Chad Johnny and Rick Rock'n told a story of thwarted dreams. As the reigning bad boys of rock back in high school, their crowning moment was to be playing at grad. But mere hours before the dance, Principal Higginson expelled their lead singer and the gig was off. Twenty years later, they still aren't over

it (one of them gives Karate demos backed by heavy metal tracks). Simple, yes, but not simplistic. The inevitable reunion and revenge gig had all the signposts of psychodrama (revisiting trauma, exorcising internalized oppressors—you know the stuff) but was played with such raw innocence that it was really quite cathartic, especially when the band let fly with that gig that got away.

Blessed with distinct and believable characters, this Story was considerably more than a play dropped around a rock show. There was also some choice writing: Trying to elicit our sympathy for a bandmate who was going through a painful divorce, Johnny exhorts, "Our hearts are like plates. Sometimes they break. Rick's plate is broken."

After the show, I asked Rick if there was a programme. "No," he replied, "we didn't make a programme because we're not really actors". Sweet! But like all savvy musicians, they had a merch table.

Penelope Mulligan

Beastie Boys
Tailb Kwell
September 20
Pacific Coliseum

Not much is worth the absolute horror of getting to the Pacific Coliseum on a night where approximately ten million sixteen year olds are doing the same thing, except for, perhaps, the first Vancouver **Beastie Boys** show in five years.

The opener for the night was **Superdogs**, a trick dogs show. How sad but awesome at the same time. Unfortunately, I missed it.

Tailb Kwell, the hottest commodity since the rice cooker, started the actual show off with **DJ Chaps**, playing to a very receptive crowd. **Tailb** flawlessly went through a good handful of songs

Continued on the next page.

...Continued from the last page

flawlessly went through a good handful of songs from his repertoire—new, old, and rare—and was sure to lace the performance with advertisements for his 'after party' at Richard's on Richards, to which 'all' were invited.

In no time at all, the Beastie Boys took over by running out onto the video-screen-covered stage following a little skit in which a camera followed **Mix Master Mike** from selling beer at a stand to climbing up onto his pedestal to do what he does best. The Beastie Boys, dressed in ever-so-trendy green jumpsuits with yellow stripes, started the night off with a definite favourite, 'Rox' Down', and followed it up with 'Sure Shot' before playing some newer tracks. The crowd's interest was held by the Beastie Boys through their high-energy set and crowd interaction, including frequent ventures by MCA out into the sea of raised arms and sailing bodies (in fact, I'm almost certain that at least several of those crowd surfers just barely escaped death, they were flying).

Some of the more notable moments in the Beastie Boys' set were: groups of sons linked by intermittent pieces of Will Ferrell doing his George Bush impression, the guys and a few extras coming out as a five-piece mariachiesque band on a wedding reception-style stage setup to play several of the instrumental songs that nobody would have otherwise expected to hear live, and the Beastie Boys coming out to do an encore 'Intergalactic' on the upper level of the venue.

The music was great, the level of intensity was high, the encores were plentiful and when **Mix Master Mike** started up the music to 'Brass Monkey', I thought the entire venue was going to explode. Both times, the Beastie Boys eventually had to leave so that at least several people would head downtown to the Talib Kwesi after party (in response to which Mike D was heard to exclaim 'If it's gonna be that type of party, I'ma stick my dick in the mashed potatoes'), but they played for as long

as they possibly could, coming back again and again, and finishing everything off, to the delight of the crowd, with 'Sabotage'.

Kimberley Day

SHINDIG: Night Two
The Little Death
Salmon Arm
Mammoth
September 21
Railway Club

This week's **SHINDIG** line-up included the likes of **The Little Death**, **Salmon Arm** and **Mammoth**. The **Little Death** opened, and, sadly, weren't cheeky post-new-wave intellectuals. Instead, they were more of an...I'm not sure - indie prog-rock act, perhaps? With hints of **Pavement**, **Rush** and even a little **Yes**, they were hard to pin down, but give the boys credit for reaching for that rainbow. Only, in my mind, they're still mired in the mud. It is true, they have potential, but they need to do some serious practicing to get to where (if appears) they want to be, where musicianship can outline the song.

Salmon Arm was really much more like I expected TLD to be like. Gorgeous instrumentals crossed with the occasional rocker, but all very atmospheric. The best thing I can probably say about them is that they both hinted at, and made me want to list, 'Houses of the Holy'. Featuring a cello (it's amazing what a rich sound that instrument can produce), guitar, bass & drums, they kept things in a lower key that begged for a smoke-filled room. Vocals, when there were any, were throw-away, but I didn't think the band any weaker for it.

After an interminable & wretched 'Jokes For Beer', **Mammoth** came on, sporting a drum kit with a skull painted on, a classic hair-metal guitar (you know - the angular 'star-shaped' kind), and a look that would make **Blink-182** appear hardcore. I was really worried that we'd get some pop-punk pop from the trio. They were, instead, really quite

respectable. Way too loud for me, and certainly not my style of music, but they were decent, and sadly, completely forgettable too.

I left before **Mammoth** had left the stage, as I was getting a headache. Given my opinions, and having chatted some with the other judges during the course of the show, I was quite surprised to hear that **The Little Death** had won the night. A pity, in my opinion, but that's the glory of **SHINDIG**. And now, I'll get to give them a second chance (which I'll admit, they're worthy of) in the next round.

Steve Tannock

Endfest 13
September 25
White River Amphitheatre
Auburn, Washington

Apparently Seattle's 'original alternative radio station', 107.7 The End, missed the memo that said modern rock radio festivals are supposed to feature headliners like **Linkin Park** and **Velvet Revolver**. Lucky for me, not so lucky for the beefy dudes in the West Coast Chopper t-shirts looking for a faux guitar god to flash the ol' devil horns at.

My road trip compatriots and I managed to find our way into the amphitheatre just in time to see **Metric**. It's always tough being the opening act, but that didn't stop **Metric** from rocking like they were headlining the show. **James Shaw** and **Joshua Winkless** swung their guitars around, flanking **Emily Holmes** as she shook and pranced around the stage. They ended with an extended version of 'Dead Disco' before waving goodbye.

Next up was **Muse**, who for some reason attracted everybody who still thinks it's 1992. **Jeremy** spoke in class today, and moshing is 'totally rad dude!' Crowd aside, **Muse** were their usually grand selves. All those prog-rock bits that sound a little too 'ELO' on record were just what you want on a massive festival stage, and **Matt Bellamy** sold every note with his fist pumping, spinning, and

guitar windmilling.

The theme of the show was old and new. So, next up were the **Psychadelic Furs**. Apologies if you're big fan. But, I took this as my cue to get some food.

We made it back onto the floor in time for the two-sided rotating stage (yeah, you read that right - American ingenuity baby!). **Nick Zinner**, aka coolest guy on the planet, had already started the intro to 'Y-Control' as the band spun into place. It may have been the middle of the day, but **Karen O** was there to be the star. She swung her microphone around, rolled around on the stage and yelped and growled her way through a set that saw four new songs cozy up with favourites like 'Art Star' and 'Maps.'

After the **Yeah Yeah Yeahs**, punk legends, **X** were up. They played all the 'hits' (if you can call them that), and **John Doe** ran around playing his bass like it was 1981. Still, something was missing. They weren't bad by any stretch of the imagination, but it was evident that well, they were old.

The **Violent Femmes** followed **X**. And, unlike youthful punk anthems, songs about being youthful and dorky never age. The **Femmes** sounded tight. Not only that, but it seemed like everyone there was a fan (who knew?). 'Blister in the Sun' was the predictable sing along, but 'Add It Up,' 'American Music,' and 'Gone Daddy Gone' were equally well received. **Gordon Gano** was nearly drowned out during the pill popping count of 'Kiss Off!'

The first thing that came out of **Alex Kapranos'** mouth, after **Franz Ferdinand** came on, was praise for the **Violent Femmes**, but it was clear from the opening notes of 'Cheating On You' who the bulk of the crowd was there to see. The crowd surfing and slam dancing that had been going on all day continued, but the mosh pit was dwarfed by the dance floor. Irony: half naked sweaty guy who told my friend not to be 'such a pussy' slamming his naked chest into his half naked sweaty friend to the beat of 'Michael.' **Franz** rocked harder than diamonds in that dancy 'we're the Scottish Strakes' but ten times better than those boring rich kids' way.

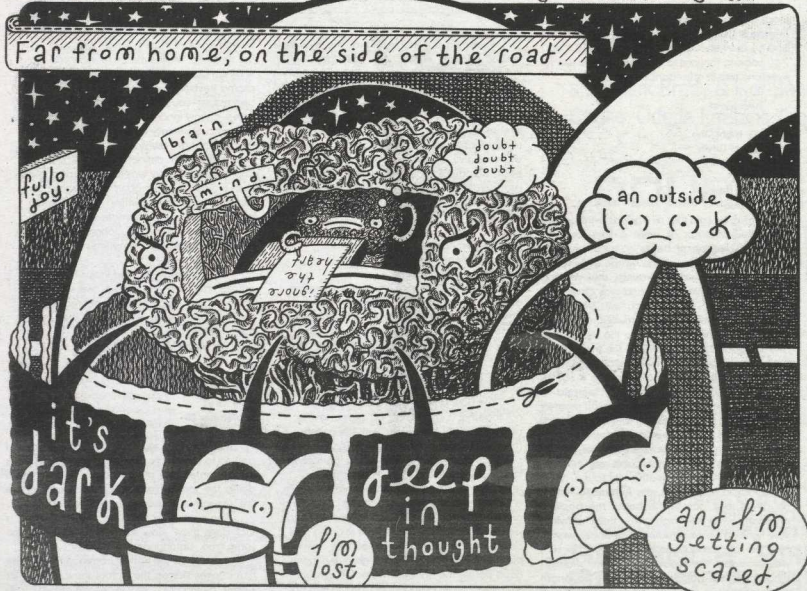
Echo and the **Bunnymen** had the misfortune of following **Franz Ferdinand**, and ended up playing to a half empty amphitheatre because of it. To top off the MIA audience members, **Ian McCulloch** was in one foul mood. This, of course wasn't disappointing, but ended up being more entertaining than the band members, who seemed bored to be there. **McCulloch** berated soundmen and audience members, but was witty enough to almost make up for aborting 'Bring on the Dancing Horses.'

Thus, my Endfest adventure was over. The **Presidents of the United States of America** headlined, but we were on our way to the car already. No, seriously. Those guys. You know, 'Lump.' I'm at a loss to explain how they headlined over the likes of the **Yeah Yeah Yeahs**, but it helped us avoid waiting to get out of the parking lot, so I'm not complaining.

Quinn Omori

finding joy

by Luke Ramsey nebene.com



Charts

01	DOERS*	Ready, Set... Do	Red Cat
02	FROG EYES*	The Folded Palm	Absolutely Kosher
03	CINCH*	Shake If You Got It	Dirtnap
04	GUITAR WOLF	Loverock	Narnack
05	ARCADE FIRE*	Funeral	Merge
06	ROBOSEXUALS*	Mistakes Enough For Everyone	Indie
07	ATOMIC 7*	En Hillybilly Caliente	Mint
08	TO ROCOCO ROT	Hotel Morgen	Domino
09	PINK MOUNTAINTOPS*	The Pink Mountaintops	Scratch
10	HIDDEN CAMERAS*	Mississauga Goddam	Evil Evil
11	DIAMANDA GALAS	Delixions Will And Testament	Mute
12	TEGAN AND SARA*	So Jealous	Sanctuary
13	BLACK KEYS	Rubber Factory	Fat Possum
14	DANDI WIND*	Concrete Igloo	Indie
15	BLACK RICE*	Contact	Indie
16	BJORK	Medulla	Elektra
17	PO' GIRL*	Vagabond Lullabies	Netwerk
18	SADIES	Favorite Colors	Outside
19	LE FLY PAN AM*	N'ecoutez Pas	Constellation
20	CLINIC	Winchester Cathedral	Domino
21	KNOCKOUT PILLS	1+1=Ate	Estrus
22	CONVERGE	You Fall Me	Epitaph
23	ZOLAR X	Timeless	Alternative Tentacles
24	SIX ORGANS OF ADMITTANCE	The Manifestation	Strange Attractors Audio House
25	TUJANA BIBLES*	Fists of Fury	Indie
26	ELIZABETH*	Black EP	Indie
27	D.O.A.*	Live Free or Die	Sudden Death
28	WOLF EYES	Burned Mind	Sub Pop
29	DRAGONS	Rock And Roll Kamikaze	Gearhead
30	WILLIAM SHATNER*	Has Been	Shout!
31	BLOOD MERIDIAN*	We almost made it home	Teenage USA
32	MOUSE ON MARS	Radical Connector	Thrill Jockey
33	A.C. NEWMAN*	The Slow Wander	The Blue Curtain
34	ORGAN*	Grab That Gun	Mint
35	CONSTANTINES*	Young Lions	Sub Pop

*Denotes Canadian Content

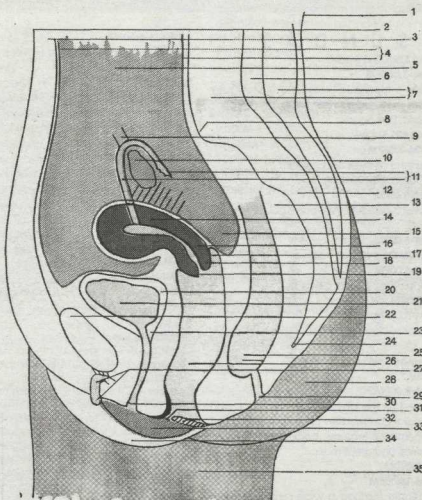


Figure 1. Labels

TEGAN AND SARA

"so jealous" 09/14/04



WIN 1 of 2 TEGAN AND SARA
prize packs including:

Tegan and Sara's new CD
'So Jealous' plus a T-shirt

e-mail DISORDER at: discorder@club.ams.ubc.ca

INDIE HOMEJOBS!

01	Gangbang	Keeping it
02	Vancouver	Roughin' it
03	The Tomster	has lah lah
04	Lee Livingston	Short and Sweet Music
05	The Skatomatics	Where have all the rude boys gone?
06	Mandown	EP
07	Collapsing Opposites	Sincerity/Sarcasm
08	Sore Throats	S/T
09	Solaris	S/T
10	Hejira	I do but do you?

VENUES

araz club3 w. 8th ave604.876.7128
brickyard315 carroll604.685.3922
butchershop floor195 e. 26th ave604.876.9408
café deux soleils2096 commercial604.254.1195
cellar3611 w. broadway604.738.1959
cobalt917 main604.784.punk
commodore868 granville604.739.7469
lotus455 abbott604.685.7777
the main4210 main 604.709.8555
marine club573 homer604.683.1720
media club695 cambie604.608.2871
pat's pub403 e. hastings604.255.4301
pic pub620 w. pender604.682.3221
pub 340340 cambie604.602.0644
railway club579 dunsmuir604.681.1625
richard's1036 richards604.687.6794
sonar66 water 604.683.6695
WISE hall 1882 adams604.254.5858
mess luna1926 w. broadway604.733.5862
video in studios 1965 main 604.872.8337

RECORD SHOPS

active pass records324 w. hastings
audiophile records2014 commercial
basix records217 w. hastings
beatstreet records3-712 robson
black swan records3209 w. broadway
crashdown music518 w. pender
highlife records1317 commercial
noize! records540 seymour
red cat records4307 main
scrape records17 w. broadway
scratch records726 richards
zulu records1972 w. 4th

On The Dial

SUNDAY

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC

9:00AM-12:00PM

All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ears open.

THE ROCKERS SHOW

12:00PM-3:00PM

Reggae into all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE airt.

3:00PM-5:00PM

Real cowhitt-caught-in-her-boots country.

FILL-IN airt.

3:00PM-5:00PM

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING airt.

5:00PM-6:00PM

British pop music from all decades.

SAINT TROPEZ airt.

5:00PM-6:00PM

International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), 60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet set holiday now!

QUEER FM

6:00PM-8:00PM

Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues, and great music.

RHYTHMSINDIA

8:00PM-10:00PM

RhythmsIndia features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from Indian movies from the 1930s to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhaajans, and also Qawwalis, pop, and regional language numbers.

TRANCE DANCE

10:00PM-12:00AM

Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystic-cl.

FILL-IN

12:00AM-2:00AM

MONDAY

FILL-IN

6:00AM-8:00AM

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS

8:00AM-11:00AM

Your favourite brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delight!

DISORDER RADIO ONE airt.

11:00AM-12:00PM

Wanna hear the music that drives the Disorder war machine? Supplement your monthly reading with an aural dose of that super-sonic magazine from CITR

FILL-IN airt.

11:00AM-12:00PM

ALT. RADIO

12:00PM-1:00PM

Hosted by David B.

PARIS UNKNOWN

1:00PM-3:00PM

Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional interview with your host, Chris.

SANDBOX THEATRE

3:00PM-4:00PM

A show of radio drama orchestrated and hosted by UBC students, featuring independent works from local, national, and international theatre groups. We welcome your involvement.

ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS

LISTEN TO CITR AT 101.9 FM OR ONLINE AT WWW.CITR.CA

4:00PM-5:00PM

A chance for new CITR DJs to flex their musical muscles. Supplies glore.

THE FLIPDISC

5:00PM-6:00PM

Join me - Dallas Brodie - for stimulating talk radio about local, national and international issues.

SON OF NITE DREAMS airt.

6:00PM-7:30PM

SOLARIZATION airt.

6:00PM-6:30PM

MY ASS airt.

6:30PM-7:30PM

Phets, Albin, I'm me.

WIGFLUX RADIO

7:30PM-9:00PM

Listen to Selecta Krystabelle for your reggae education.

THE JAZZ SHOW

9:00PM-12:00AM

Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker. Featured at 11, as listed.

October 4: Crisis of the Crossroads features the wonderfully underrated master of the alto saxophone, William "Sonny" Criss in a date recorded in Chicago with another forgotten master in trombonist Alf Hansen. The great Wynton Kelly is on piano plus two Chicagoans who later became famous, bassist Bob Cranshaw and drummer Walter Perkins. A warm and swingin' session.

October 11: Who's ever heard of alto saxophonist Ray Reed? Hands up... nobody? Tonight you will hear the appropriately named Mr. Reed with an all-star cast of LA based players like trumpet giant Karl Saunders and drum great Joe LaBarbara. This is a killer date that will surprise you.

October 18: In celebration of his birthday tonight (he'll be 43) one of the most influential musicians of our era: Wynton Marsalis. Here is young Wynton (just 19) playing with drummer Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers and beginning his ascent to stardom. Mr. Blakey was very proud of his young trumpet player and gave him lots of room to show his stuff and show he did! Happy birthday, Wynton!

October 25: Vibraphonist Milt Jackson live and cookin' tonight from a date at New York's Village Gate with a great cast, including tenor saxophonist Jimmy Heath, and the great Hank Jones on piano. Bob Cranshaw on bass and Albert "Tootie" Heath complete the band on this one-shot date by Milt away from the MJQ.

VENGEANCE IS MINE

12:00AM-3:00AM

Hosted by Trevor. It's punk rock, baby! Gone from the charts but not from our hearts—thank fuckin' Christ.

PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAYS

3:00AM-6:30AM

DJ Christopher Schmidt also hosts Organix at Club 23 (23 West Cordova) every Friday.

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN'

6:30AM-8:00AM

Bluegrass, old-time music and its derivatives with Arthur and "The Lovely Andrea" Berman.

HIGHBRED VOICES airt.

8:00AM-9:30AM

FILL-IN airt.

8:00AM-9:30AM

THIRD TIMES THE CHARM

9:30AM-11:00AM

Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourge that is Rock and Roll Deader!

CITR BROADCASTS AT 640 WATTS 24 HOURS A DAY. TUNE US IN AT 101.9FM,

than the most dangerous criminal
<bornstynrines@hotmail.com>
LIVE HERE, WORK EVERYWHERE. airt.
11:30AM-12:00PM
CJ-1Y - Kootenay Co-op Radio profiles 30 creative enterprises in Nelson with markets and clients worldwide.

MORNING AFTER SHOW airt.

11:30AM-12:30PM

REFLECT TO REAL airt.

12:30PM-1:00PM

Movie reviews and criticism.

ENGAGING THE WORD airt.

1:00PM-2:00PM

Canadian authors, fiction writers and novelists interviewed by James O'Hearn.

BEATUP RONIN

12:00PM-2:00PM

Where dead samurai can program music.

CIRCUIT TRACING

2:00PM-3:30PM

EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE airt.

3:30PM-4:30PM

«En Avant la musique» se concentre sur le mélange des genres musicaux au sein d'une francophonie ouverte à tous les courants. This program focuses on cross-cultural music and its influence on mostly Francophone musicians.

TANSI KIYAW airt.

3:30PM-4:30PM

Tansi kiyaw? Is Michif-Cree (one of the Metis languages) for "Hello. How are you?" and is a monthly Indigenous music and spoken word show. Hosted by June Scudeler (for those who know me from other shows: I'm Metis!), the show will feature music and spoken word as well as events and news from Indian country and special guests. Contact me at jscudeler@ucalgary.ca with news, even listings and ideas. Megwetch!

FILL-IN

4:30PM-5:00PM

WENER'S BARBECUE

5:00PM-6:00PM

Join the sports dept. for their coverage of the T-Birds.

FLEX YOUR HEAD

6:00PM-8:00PM

Use the punx, down the emol. Keepin' it real since 1989, yo, flexyourhead.vancouverhardcore.com

SALARIO MINIMO

8:00PM-10:00PM

THE LOVE DEN airt.

10:00PM-12:00AM

<loveden@hotmail.com>

ESCAPISM airt.

10:00PM-12:00AM

es+cap+ism n: escape from the reality or routine of life by absorbing the mind in entertainment or fantasy.

Host: DJ Sytyricon.

<DJsytyricon@hotmail.com>

AURAL TENTACLES

12:00AM-6:00AM

It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

WEDNESDAY

FILL-IN

6:00AM-7:00AM

SUBURBAN JUNGLE

7:00AM-9:00AM

CITR NEWS

9:00AM-10:00AM

EXQUISITE CORPSE

10:00AM-11:30AM

Experimental, radio-art, sound collage, filed recordings, etc. Recommended for the insane.

ANOIZE

11:30AM-1:00PM

Luke Mead irritates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

THE SHAKE airt.

1:00PM-2:00PM

FOR THE RECORD airt.

1:00PM-2:00PM

DEMOCRACY NOW

2:00PM-3:00PM

Independent news hosted by award-winning journalists Amy Goodman and Juan Gonzalez.

MOTORDADDY airt.

3:00PM-5:00PM

Cycle-fille, rawk and roll

RUMBLETONE RADIO airt.

3:00PM-5:00PM

Primitive, fuzzed-out garage mayhem!

NECESSARY VOICES

5:00PM-6:30PM

Socio-political, environmental activist news and spoken word with some music, too. www.necessaryvoices.org <necessaryvoices@telus.net>

AND SOMETIMES WHY airt.

6:30PM-8:00PM

(First Wednesday of every month.)

BLUE MONDAY airt.

6:30PM-8:00PM

Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-retro-gothic program. Music to schlong to, hosted by Coreen.

PRIMAL

8:00PM-9:00PM airt.

A sex positive fortnightly news magazine, hosted by Maura Ingraham. www.primalradio.net

JUICE BOX

8:00PM-9:00PM airt.

Developing your relational and individual sexual health, expressing diversity, celebrating queer-ness and encouraging pleasure at all stages. Sexuality educators Julia and Alix will quench your search for responsible, progressive sexuality over your life span! <www.juiceboxradio.com>

FOLK OASIS

9:00PM-11:00PM

Roots music for folkies and non-folkies... bluegrass, singer-songwriters, worldbeat, alt country, and more. Not a mirage!

<folkoasis@canada.com>

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR

11:00PM-2:00AM

FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM

2:00AM-6:00AM

THURSDAY

FILL-IN

6:00AM-8:00AM

END OF THE WORLD NEWS

8:00AM-10:00AM

PLANET LOVETRON

10:00AM-11:30AM

Music inspired by Chocolate Thunder; Robert Robot drops electro past and present, hip hop and intergalactic funkshipism. <btolove@yahoo.com>

FIRE D

11:30AM-12:00PM

Ever told yourself "I can't even boil water, let alone cook a chicken or stir-fry vegetables!" Let Chef Marat show you the way to create easy meals prepared in the comfort of your own kitchen/beachelor pad or car. OK, maybe not the upholstery.

UNPACK YOUR ADJECTIVES

12:00PM-1:00PM

STEVE AND MIKE

1:00PM-2:00PM

Crashing the bus's club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow (punk and hardcore). THE ONOMATOPELIDIA SHOW 2:00PM-3:00PM
Comix comic comix. Oh yeah, and some music with Robin.

RHYMES AND REASONS

3:00PM-5:00PM

DJ Knowlance slaves over hot-mul-track to bring a fresh continuous mix of fresh every week. Made from scratch, samples and just a few drops of fame. Our tables also have plethora of guest DJs, performers, interviews, giveaways, Strong Band and the occasional public service announcements. <eno_wonk@yahoo.ca>

LOCAL KIDS MAKE GOOD

5:00PM-6:00PM airt.

Local Dave brings you local music of all sorts. The program most likely to play your band!

PEDAL REVOLUTIONARY airt.

5:00PM-6:00PM

Vivida Velour! DJ Helmet Hair and Chainbreaker Jane give you all the bike news and views you need and even cruise around while doing it!

www.bikesound.org

OUT FOR KICKS

6:00PM-7:30PM

Now in it's 15th and final year, your most reliable source for Indie Pop. Thanks to all the regular listeners over the years! Tune in for an entertaining farewell tour.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR

7:30PM-9:00PM

The best in roots, rock 'n' roll and rhythm and blues from 1942-1962 with your snappily-attired host, Gary Olsen.

<right55@telus.net>

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO/HEL

9:00PM-11:00PM

Live From Thunderbird Radio Hell showcases local talent... LIVE! Honestly, don't even ask about the technical side of this. This month's listings got lost however, and you will have to be a bit resourceful to find out what's going on. I would suggest the Internet, and www.citr.ca, but that's just me.

WORLD HEAT

11:00PM-1:00AM

An old punk rock heart considers the oneness of all things and presents music of worlds near and far. Your host, the great Day-ant, seeks reassurance via <worldheat@hotmail.com>.

LAUGH TRACKS

1:00AM-2:00AM

FILL-IN

2:00AM-6:00AM

FRIDAY

FILL-IN

4:00AM-8:00AM

CAUGHT IN THE RED

8:00AM-10:00AM

Trowing the trash heap of over 50 years' worth of red rock 'n' roll debris.

SKA-TS SCENE-IX DRIVE

10:00AM-12:00PM

Email requests to: <djska_1@hotmail.com>

THESE ARE THE BREAKS

12:00PM-2:00PM

Top notch crate digger DJ Avi Shack mixes the underground hip hop, old school classics and original breaks.

RADIO ZERO

2:00PM-3:30PM

NARDWUJ THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS...

3:30PM-5:00PM

CITR NEWS, SPORTS AND ARTS

5:00PM-6:00PM

A volunteer-produced, student and community newscast featuring news, sports and arts. Reports by people like you, "become the Media." To get involved, visit www.citr.ca and click "News Dept."

THE NORTHERN WISH

6:00PM-7:30PM

AFRICAN RHYTHMS

7:30PM-9:00PM

David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa and African music from around the world.

www.africanrhythmsradio.com

HOMEBASS

9:00PM-12:00AM

Hosted by DJ Noah: techno but also some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJs, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more.

I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES airt.

12:00AM-2:00AM

THE ANTIDOTE airt.

12:00AM-2:00AM

THE VAMPIRE'S BALL

2:00AM-6:00AM

Dark, sinister music of all genres to soothe and/or move the Dragon's soul. Hosted by Drake. thevampireball@yahoo.ca

SATURDAY

FILL-IN

6:00AM-8:00PM

THE SATURDAY EDGE

8:00AM-12:00PM

Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar and ticket giveaways. 8AM-9AM: African/World roots. 9AM-12PM: Celtic music and performances.

GENERATION ANNIHILATION

12:00PM-1:00PM

A fine mix of streetpunk and old school hardcore backed by band interviews, guest speakers, and social commentary.

www.streetpunkradio.com

<crashnburnradio@yahoo.ca>

POWERCHORD

1:00PM-3:00PM

Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports, and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead, Dwain, and Metal Ron do the damage.

CODE BLUE

3:00PM-5:00PM

From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy and Paul.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW

5:00PM-6:00PM

The best mix of music, news, sports and commen-

tary from around the local and international Latino American communities.

BATTLE ZONE

6:00PM-7:00PM

Each show will make you feel as though you're tuning in on conversations between political insiders. As well, this guest and caller-driven programs guest from opposite ends of the corridor of pub argument against one another in ho-holds bare debate that takes you behind today's headline

SHADOW JUGGLERS

7:00PM-9:00PM

An exciting chow of Drum n' Bass with DJ's MP & Bi on the ones and twos, plus guests. Listen for glow everyweek. Keep feelin da beatz.

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH

9:00PM-11:00PM

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS

11:00PM-1:00AM

Cutting-edge, progressive organ music with re/dent Hailchic and various guest performers/D. Bye-bye civilisation, keep smiling blue, where's n bloody anesthetic then? http://plutonia.org

EARWAX

1:00AM-4:30AM

"noiz terror mindfuck hardcore like punk/beatz dir dem headz rock ima junglist mashup/distort c source full force with needz on wax/my cha runs rampant when I free da jazz..." Out.

REGGAE LINKUP

4:30AM-9:00AM

Hardcore dancehall reggae. Hosted by Sister B.

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

6AM	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
7	REGGAE LINKUP (RG)	FILL-IN	PACIFIC PICKIN' (RT)	FILL-IN	FILL-IN	FILL-IN	FILL-IN
8			HIGHBRED VOICES (WO)	SUBURBAN JUNGLE (EC)	END OF THE WORLD NEWS (EC)	CAUGHT IN THE RED (RR)	THE SATURDAY EDGE (RT)
9	ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC (EC)	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS (EC)	THIRD TIMES THE CHARM (RR)	CITR NEWS	PLANET LOVETRON (DC)	SKA-TS SCENIC DRIVE (SK)	
10		FILL-IN	L.H.W.E. (TK)	EXQUISITE CORPSE (EX)	THESE ARE THE BREAKS (HH)		
11		DISORDER RADIO ONE (EC)	MORNING AFTER SHOW (EC)	ANOZO (NO)	UNPACK YOUR ADJECTIVES (PO/RR)	THESE ARE THE BREAKS (HH)	GENERATION ANNIHILATION (PU)
12PM	ROCKERS SHOW (RG)	ALT. RADIO (PO)	BEATUP RONIN (EC)	THE SHAKE (RR)	STEVE & MIKE (HC)	RADIO ZERO (EC)	POWERCHORD (MT)
1		PARTS	CIRCUIT TRACING (DC/EC)	FOR THE RECORD (TK)	THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW (TK)		
2		UNKNOWN (PO)	EN ROUTE LA MUSIQUE (FR)	DEMOCRACY NOW (TK)	RHYMES & REASONS (HH)	NARDWUJ PRESENTS (NW)	CODE BLUE (RT)
3	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE (RT)	SANDBOX THEATRE (TK)	FILL-IN	RUMBLETONE RADIO (RR)			
4		ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS (EC)	THE FILMSTIDE (TK)	MOTORDADDY (RR)			
5	CUPS WITH EVERYTHING (PO)	SAINT TROPEZ (PO)	WENER'S BBQ (SP)	NECESSARY VOICES (TK)	LOCAL KIDS MAKE GOOD (EC)	CITR NEWS AND ARTS (TK)	LEO RAMIREZ SHOW (WO)
6	QUEER FM (TK)	SON OF WITE DRECKS (EC)	FLEX YOUR HEAD (HC)	AND SOMETIMES WITTY (PO/EC)	OUT FOR KICKS (PO)	THE NORTHERN WISH (EC)	BATTLE ZONE (TK)
7		MY ASS (EC)		BLUE MONDAY (DU)	ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR (RR)	AFRICAN RHYTHMS (WO)	SHADOW JUGGLERS (DC)
8	RHYTHMSINDIA (WO)	WIGFLUX RADIO (RG)	SALARIO MINIMO (WO)	PRIMAL (TK)	LIVE FROM... THUNDERBIRD HELL (LM)	HOMEBASS (DC)	SYNAPTIC SANDWICH (DC/EC)
9		THE JAZZ SHOW (JZ)	VENUS FLYTRAP (EC)	FOLK OASIS (RT)			
10	TRANSCENDANCE (DC)	VENGEANCE IS MINE! (PU)	ESCAPISM (EC)	HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR (HK)	WORLD HEAT (WO)	I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES (EC)	PLUTONIAN NIGHTS (DC)
11					LAUGH TRACKS (TK)	THE ANTIDOTE (EC)	
12AM	FILL-IN	PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAYS (DC/EC)	AURAL TENTACLES (EC)	FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM (EC)	FILL-IN	THE VAMPIRE'S BALL (EC)	EARWAX (HH/DC)
1							REGGAE LINKUP (RG)

DC=dance/electronic • EC=electric • EX=experimental • FR=French language • GI=goth/industrial • HC=hardcore • HH=hiphop • HK=Hans Kloss • JZ=jazz
LM=live music • LO=lounge • MT=metal • NO=noise • NW=Nardwuar • PO=pop • PU=punk • RG=reggae • RR=rock • RT=roots • SK=ska • SP=sports • TK=talk • WO=world

Sun 12:00-6:00